



MICKEY FINN



ROSCOE



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



SWING SISSON

# FEATURE

COMICS

SM  
2

QUALITY  
COMICS  
SERIES

FEBRUARY  
No. 107

The DOLL MAN  
FALLS INTO THE CLUTCHES OF  
The HAND OF HORROR!



BLIMPY



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY

STILL  
60  
PAGES  
FOR  
10¢



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# **WANTED!** *Skinny Weaklings* to become **HE-MEN**

"Let me show YOU too,  
HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF  
**COMMANDO**  
**-TOUGH**

Inside and out... in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"  
George F. Jewett

George F. Hoy  
when experts call the  
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

WORLD'S GREATEST BODY

## Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

## Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

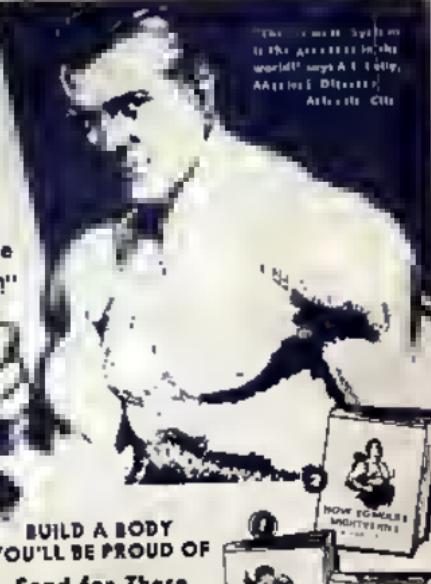
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New York, and receive *the following* journal, for 10 cents.  
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Third of it — all the time these famous "square-heads" for only ONE DOLLAR — are the one of them to be the most popular with these foreign tourists. I think it's because they don't really care about these ONE DOLLAR men, whom they look down upon, and who are probably the most ignorant of all the people in the country. Don't you think so? I think so, too, from what I have heard. I think probably the ONE DOLLAR men are the ones that because I ALMOST know all the same in Japan, but, "Amen" of that. *Monica* of course.

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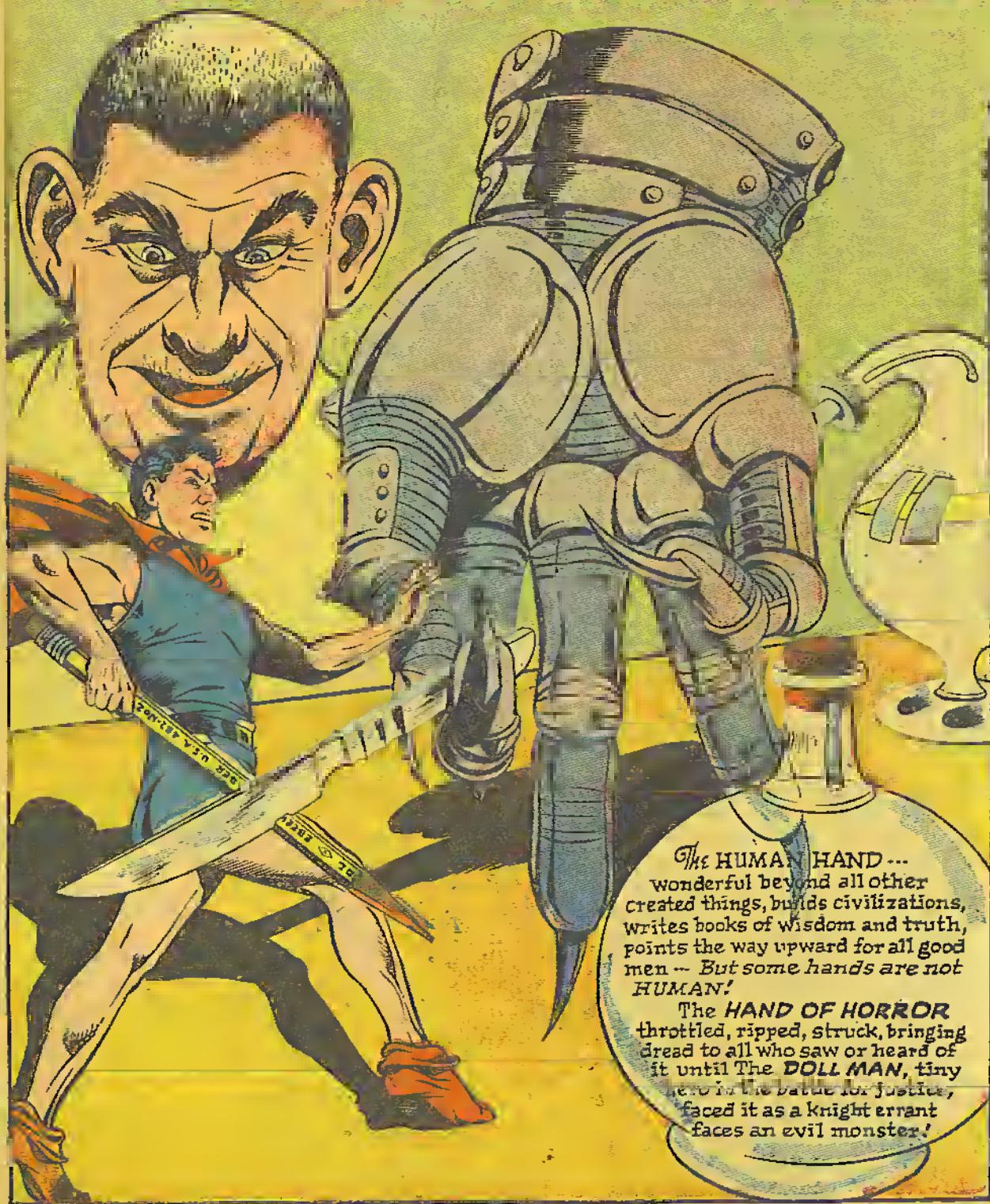
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Answers for chapter 21 Microsoft® Windows® 2000  
1. The correct answer is C. The *File Explorer* is the new name for the Windows® 98 File  
Browser. It is part of the Windows® 2000 operating system and is used to view and  
organize files and programs. The *Windows® 98 File Explorer* was replaced by the  
Windows® 2000 *File Explorer*.

1881111 [www.elsevier.com/locate/jat](http://www.elsevier.com/locate/jat)

# The DOLL MAN



*The HUMAN HAND ...*  
wonderful beyond all other  
created things, builds civilizations,  
writes books of wisdom and truth,  
points the way upward for all good  
men -- *But some hands are not*  
**HUMAN!**

**The HAND OF HORROR**  
throttled, ripped, struck, bringing  
dread to all who saw or heard of  
it until The **DOLL MAN**, tiny  
hero in the battle for justice,  
faced it as a knight errant  
faces an evil monster!

Darrel Dane, young scientist, is *The DOLL MAN!* And the only one who knows the secret is Dr. Roberts....

OBSERVE THE REACTION OF THIS CHEMICAL, DR. ROBERTS! OR DO YOU SEE IT? YOU SEE MOODY!

I'M JUST REFLECTING ON MY PART IN SOLVING A CRIME TWENTY YEARS AGO, DARREL!



THE PAPER SAYS THAT THE **CRIMESMITH** IS BEING RELEASED FROM PRISON ON PAROLE!

THE **CRIMESMITH?**  
I REMEMBER--THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED A CRIMINAL GENIUS WHO MADE WONDERFUL WEAPONS FOR GANGS IN THE HEYDAYS OF ORGANIZED CRIME!



I BELIEVE YOU WERE THE SCIENTIFIC EXPERT WHO TESTIFIED AGAINST HIM IN COURT! ARE YOU WORRIED?

NO, NO! HE WAS A MODEL PRISONER, AND NOW HE'S TOO OLD TO BE A MENACE! HE'S RETIRING TO HIS SUBURBAN HOME--IS TOO FEEBLE TO STIR OUT! THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY

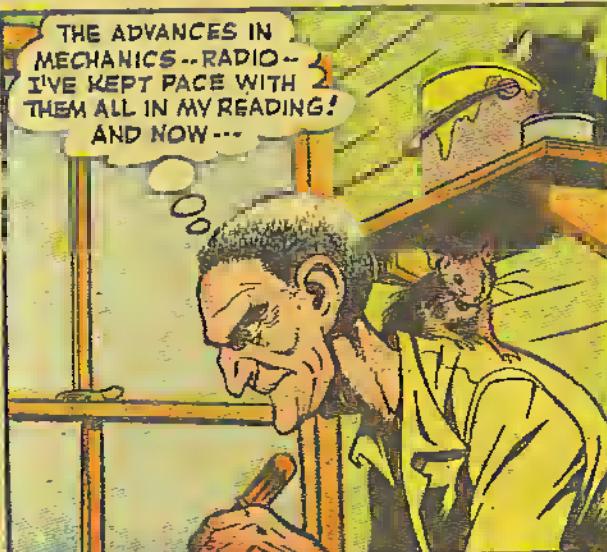


In THE **CRIMESMITH'S** Quiet haven...

OLD...WEAK...I'VE CHANGED IN THE YEARS SINCE THEY PUT ME AWAY! BUT SCIENCE HAS CHANGED, TOO!



THE ADVANCES IN MECHANICS--RADIO--I'VE KEPT PACE WITH THEM ALL IN MY READING! AND NOW--



I'M COMBINING THEM ALL IN MY MASTERSPIECE--THE TRIUMPH THAT WILL AVENGE ME!



Back at the Roberts home...

JUDGE WIGHT! IT'S NICE TO SEE AN OLD FRIEND LIKE THIS! MEET MY YOUNG COLLEAGUE, DARREL DANE!

AND LET ME INTRODUCE MR. DANE TO ANOTHER OLD FRIEND OF DR. ROBERTS — POLICE INSPECTOR HARNEY! HE JUST RETIRED TODAY!



REMEMBER WHEN I WAS A ROOKIE DETECTIVE, DR. ROBERTS? YOU AND I BOTH TESTIFIED AGAINST THE CRIMESMITH!

I WAS JUST TELLING DARREL ABOUT IT! YOU DID A GREAT JOB OF TRACKING HIM DOWN AND ARRESTING HIM! AND JUDGE WIGHT WAS PROSECUTING ATTORNEY ON THAT CASE!



YES, AND I REMEMBER THAT HE SWORE TO GET EVEN WITH THE THREE OF US! I WONDER...

HE'S PAST THE AGE OF VIOLENCE! BUT, JUST TO MAKE SURE, THE DEPARTMENT'S CHECKING! HE'S NOT CONTACTED ANY OF HIS OLD PALS — A SHADOW PLACE!



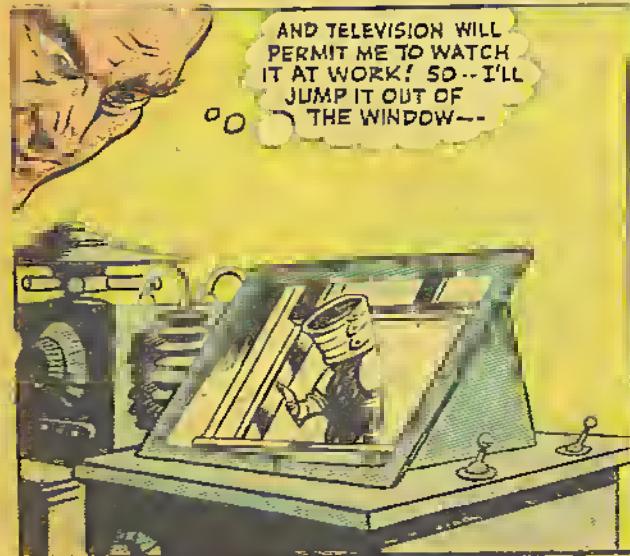
Outside of the Crimesmith's home...



THIS IS A SOFT JOB, BUT A BORE! I WISH THAT OLD COOT WOULD TRY TO COME OUT AND START SOMETHING.



MY MASTERPIECE — YES! IT WORKS BY REMOTE RADIO CONTROL — AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE AVIATION EQUIPMENT! I'LL LET IT STROLL AWAY!



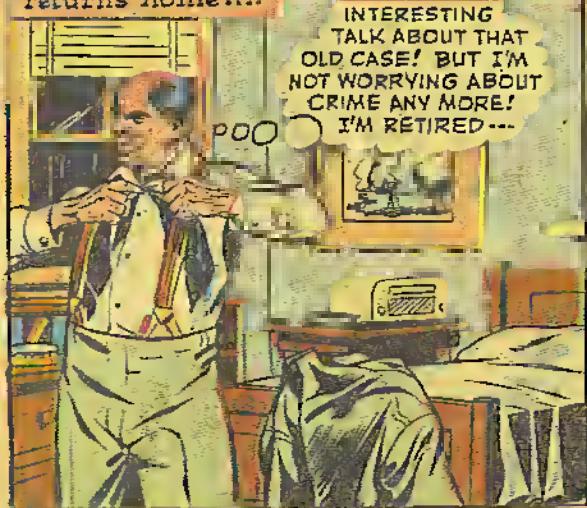
AND TELEVISION WILL PERMIT ME TO WATCH IT AT WORK! SO — I'LL JUMP IT OUT OF THE WINDOW —



NOT A SOUND — EXCEPT THE NOISE OF SMALL FEET SOMEWHERE — A STRAY CAT, NO DOUBT!

Later .. as ex-police inspector Harney returns home....

INTERESTING TALK ABOUT THAT OLD CASE! BUT I'M NOT WORRYING ABOUT CRIME ANY MORE! I'M RETIRED ---



THAT'S ALL AT AN END FOR ME ...

HEY!



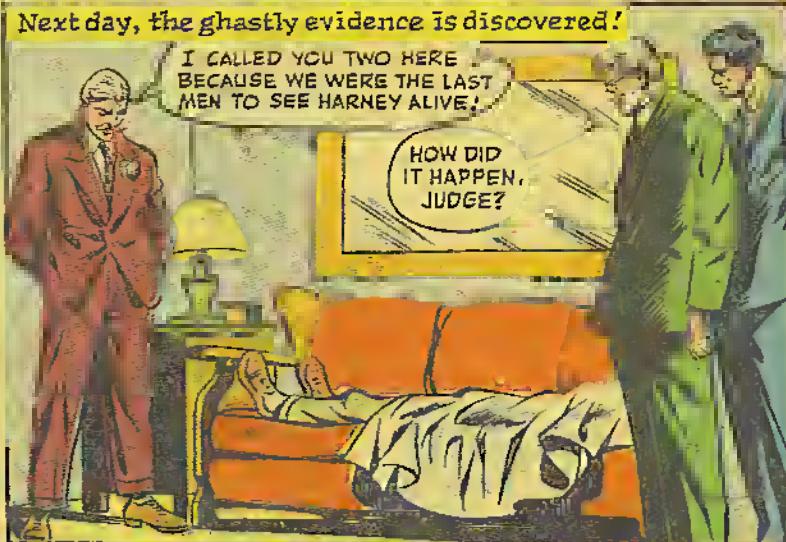
LET GO OF MY THROAT --- AGGH!



Next day, the ghastly evidence is discovered!

I CALLED YOU TWO HERE BECAUSE WE WERE THE LAST MEN TO SEE HARNEY ALIVE!

HOW DID IT HAPPEN, JUDGE?



NOBODY KNOWS! HE WAS ALONE HERE AND NO ONE WAS SEEN TO ENTER OR LEAVE ... BUT LOOK!

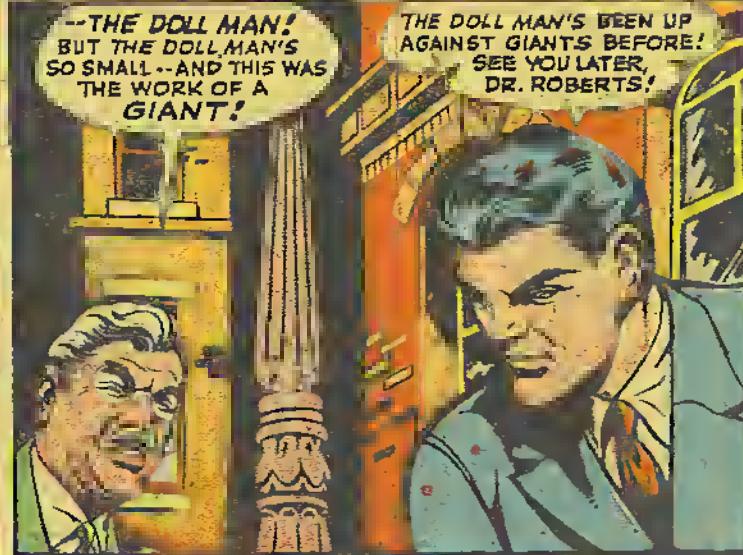
GIANT FINGERS SQUEEZED HIS THROAT... CLAWS TORE HIS JUGULAR VEIN -- THE WORK OF A GIANT.. A DEVIL!



WE KNOW OF ONE ENEMY, JUDGE WIGHT... THE CRIMESMITH!

BUT HE'S BEEN WATCHED! HE DIDN'T COME OUT OR COMMUNICATE WITH ANYONE! HE'S A WEAK OLD MAN, ANYWAY! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE THAT HE KILLED HARNEY!





THE DOLL MAN'S BEEN UP  
AGAINST GIANTS BEFORE!  
SEE YOU LATER,  
DR. ROBERTS!

Alone, Darrel Dane  
brings into play the  
Supreme power of  
his will....



The cosmic forces of the  
universe respond --- the  
molecules of Darrel Dane's  
body whirl violently,  
concentrating and  
reorganizing to become...

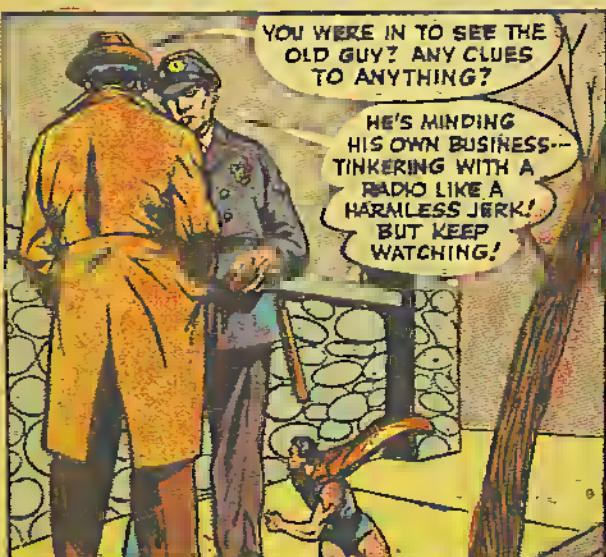


--THE DOLL MAN!  
HOW FOR A  
VISIT TO THE  
CRUMBSMITH!



YOU WERE IN TO SEE THE  
OLD GUY? ANY CLUES  
TO ANYTHING?

HE'S MINDING  
HIS OWN BUSINESS---  
TINKERING WITH A  
RADIO LIKE A  
HARMLESS JERK!  
BUT KEEP  
WATCHING!

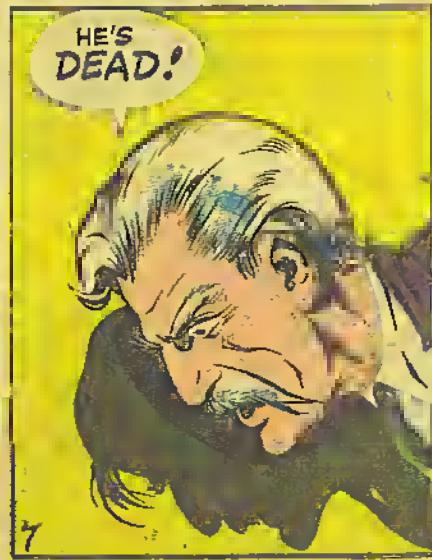
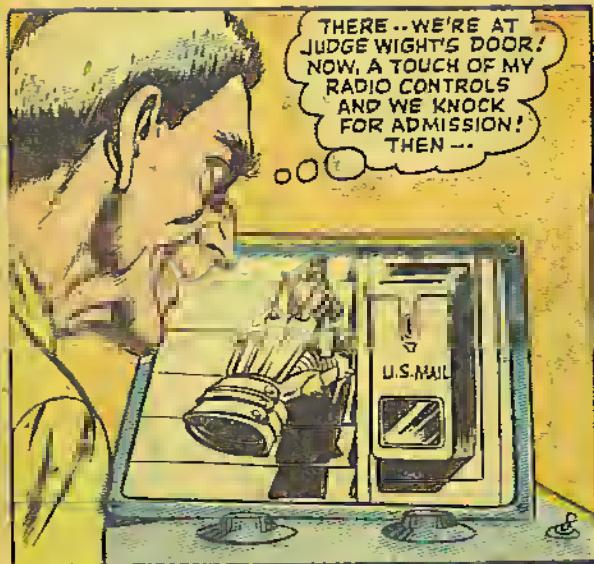


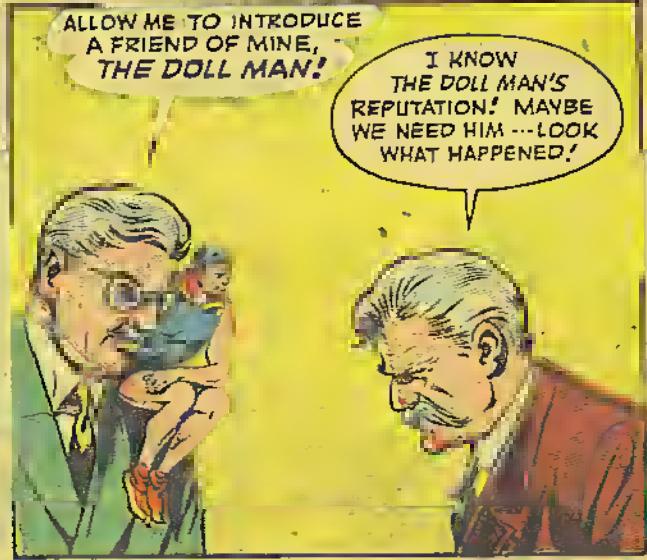
YES---  
TINKERING  
WITH A  
RADIO!

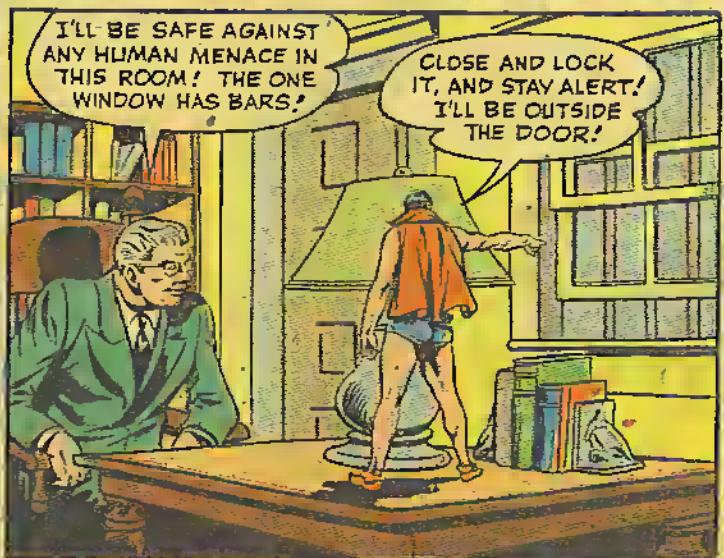
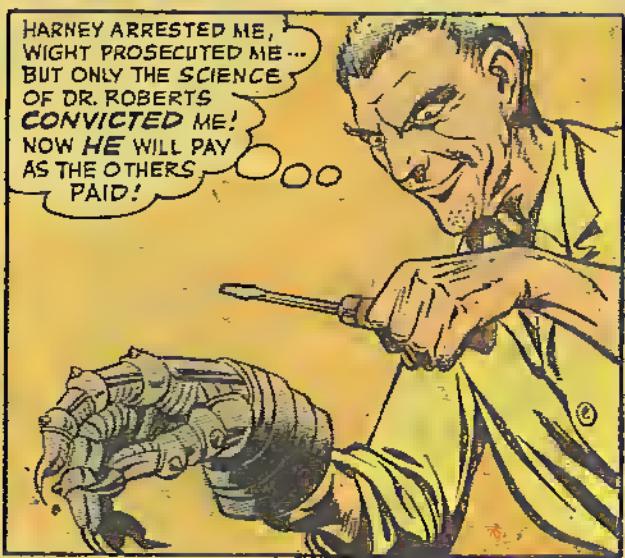


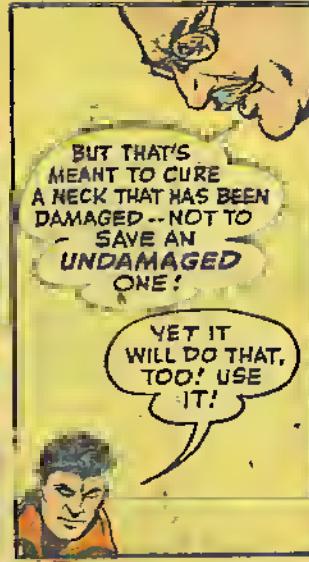
## FEATURE COMICS



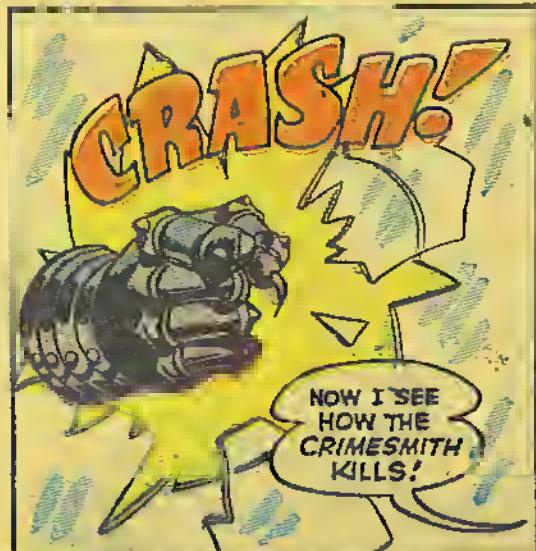
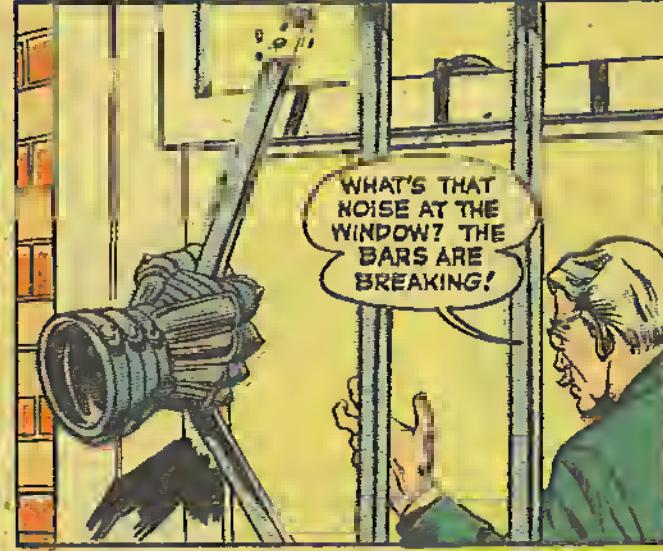








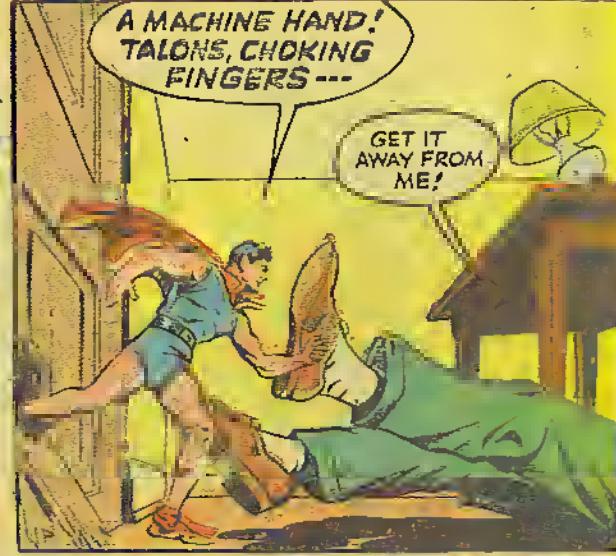
Silence within the home of Dr. Roberts, and silence without...until a stealthy Scraping announces the coming of doom!





IT'S GOT ME  
BY THE THROAT...  
OHHH!

WHY DID YOU  
LOCK THIS  
DOOR?



A MACHINE HAND!  
TALONS, CHOKING  
FINGERS---

GET IT  
AWAY FROM  
ME!

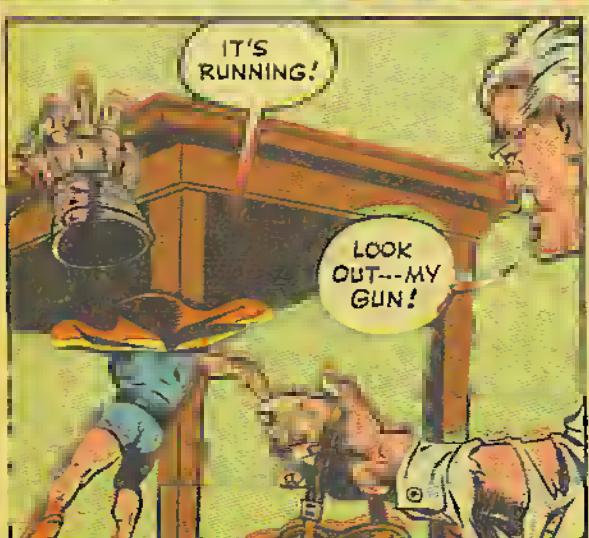


IF I HADN'T COVERED  
MY THROAT WITH THIS  
BRACE, THAT HORRIBLE  
HAND WOULD HAVE  
FINISHED ME!

DON'T LET IT  
GET AT YOU  
AGAIN!

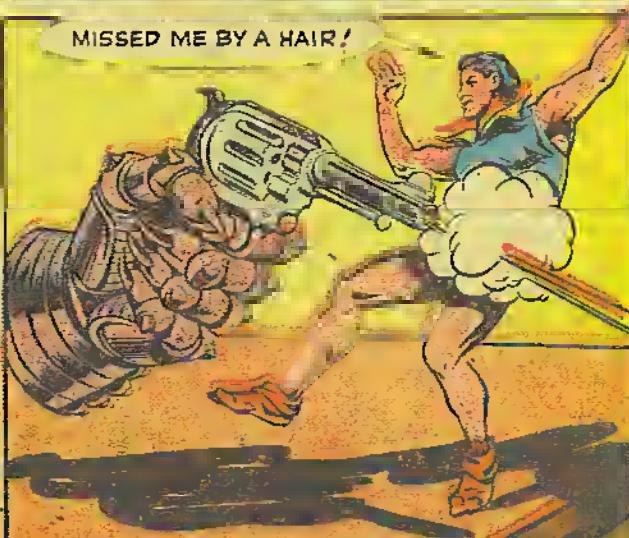


I HAVE HANDS, TOO!  
AND HERE'S HOW  
I USE 'EM!



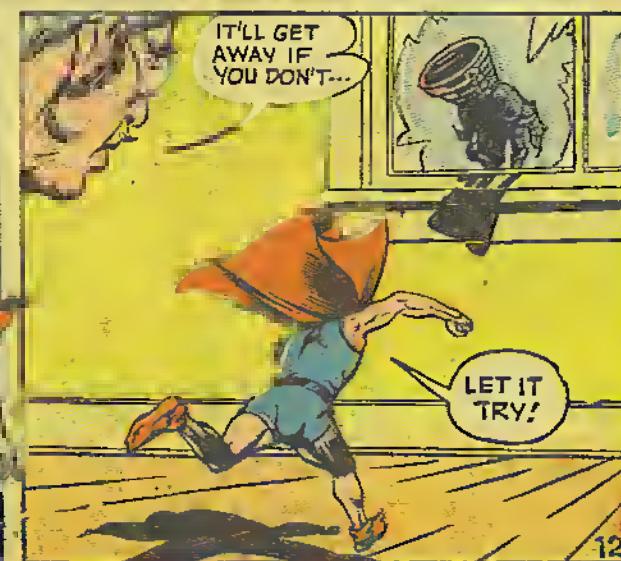
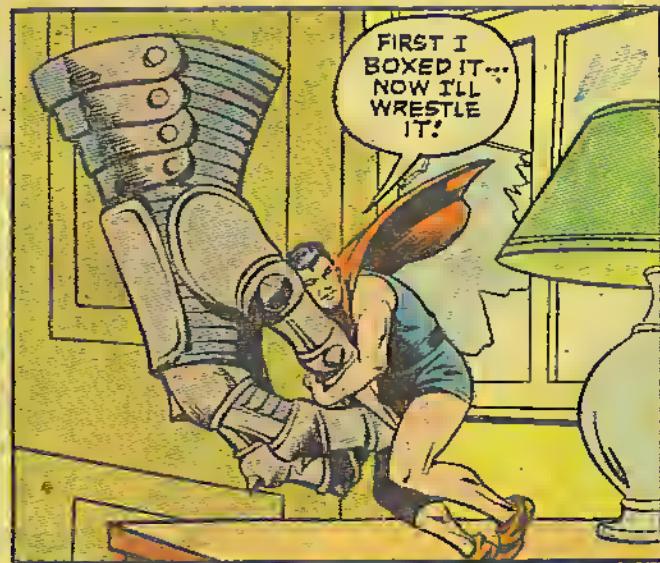
IT'S  
RUNNING!

LOOK  
OUT--MY  
GUN!

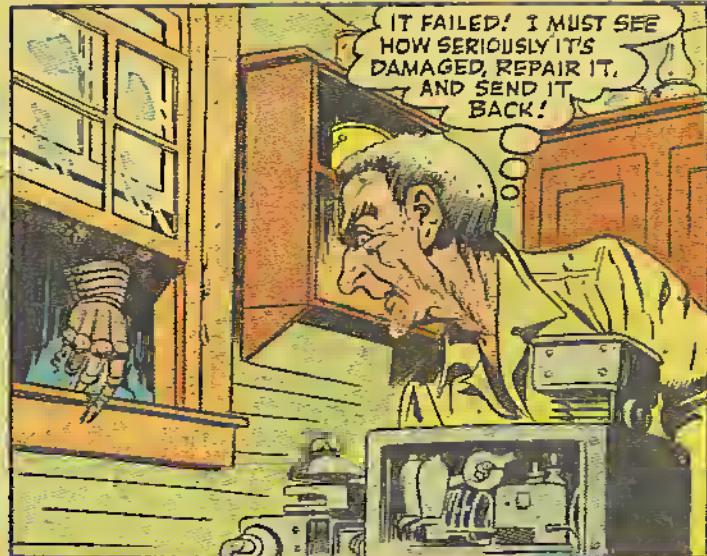


MISSSED ME BY A HAIR!

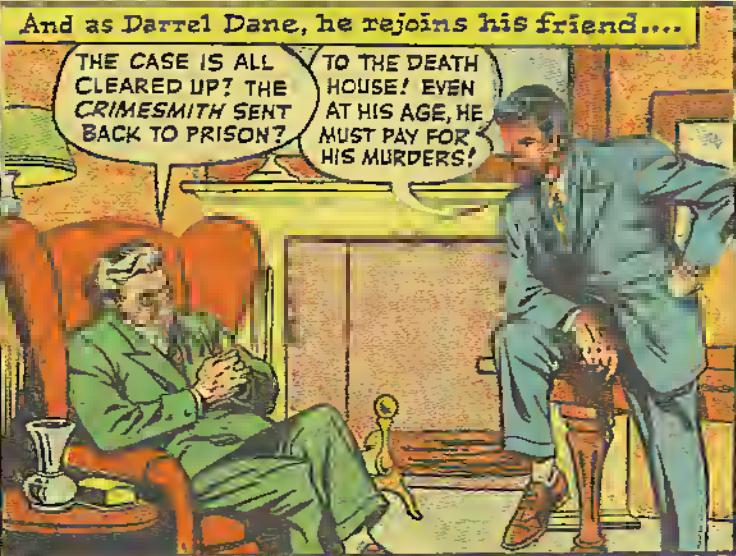




Then follows a strange chase as the wounded machine of evil heads for the CRIMESMITH'S home....



When the police have taken the CRIMESMITH and the hand of horror away, the DOLL MAN's will again goes into operation....



# PERKY

GOSH, FELLERS,  
WHY'D YA GO AND  
PUT ME IN THE  
DOGHOUSE?

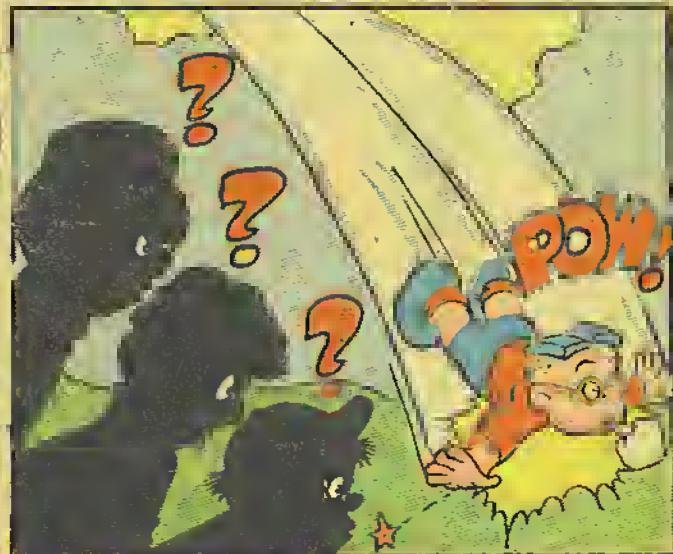
YER DE  
TEACHER'S  
PET!!

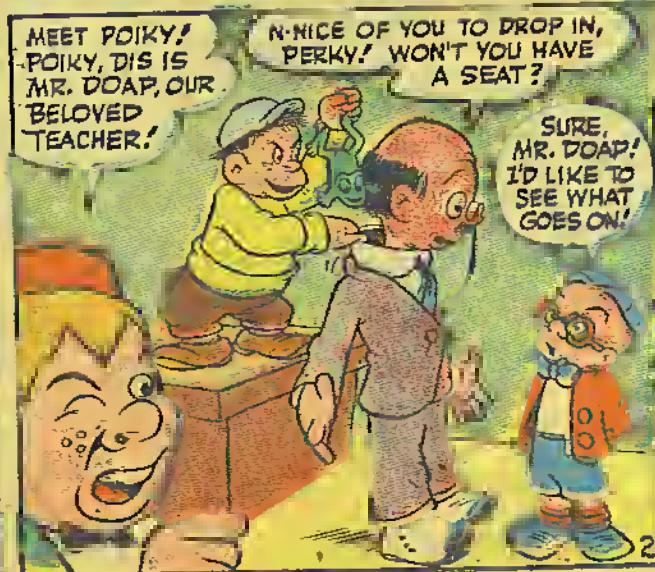
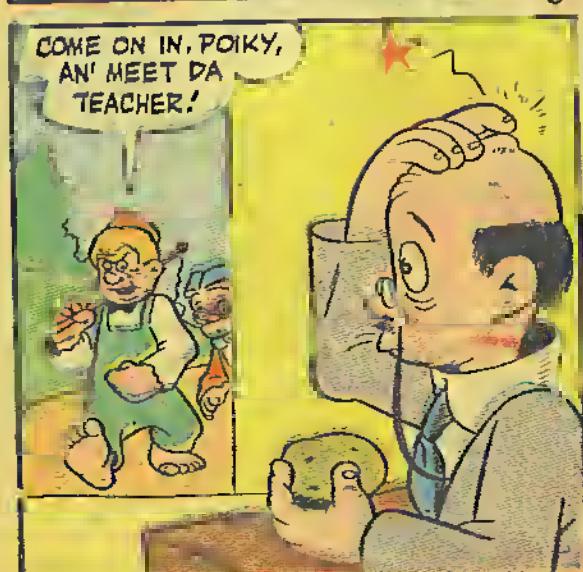
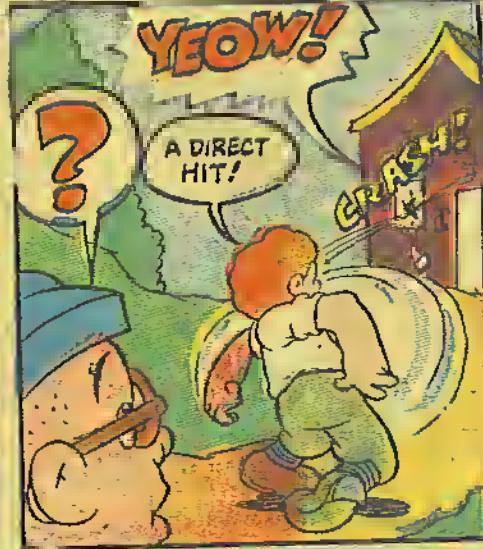
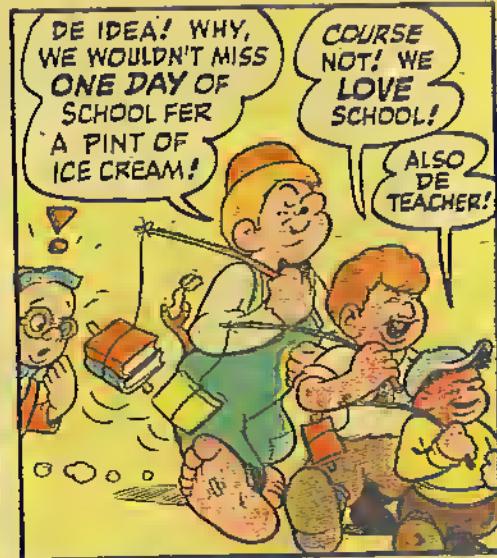
HAW!

For Readers Who Came Late:

- ① Perky started on his career when he stepped into an amateur magician's vanishing box at the vaudeville show...
- ② He vanished...
- ③ Ever since then, every time the magician pulls the lever on the box, Perky goes flying off to worlds beyond!

HERE I GO  
AGAIN!





ALL READY, CLASS? OUR FIRST LESSON WILL BE ARITHMETIC! NOW WHO KNOWS HOW TO DIVIDE AN APPLE INTO THREE PARTS?

I DO! GIVE ME AN APPLE AN' I'LL SHOW YA!

WHY--ER--I SEEM TO HAVE ONE HERE IN MY LUNCH BOX!

LET'S HAVE IT!

AHEM! B-BUT YOU STILL DIDN'T TELL HOW TO DIVIDE AN APPLE INTO THREE PARTS!

APPLE SAUCE!

OH, WELL, PERHAPS WE HAD BETTER GET ON TO THE DRAWING LESSON!

LET ME MAKE WIT'DE CHALK, TEACHER!

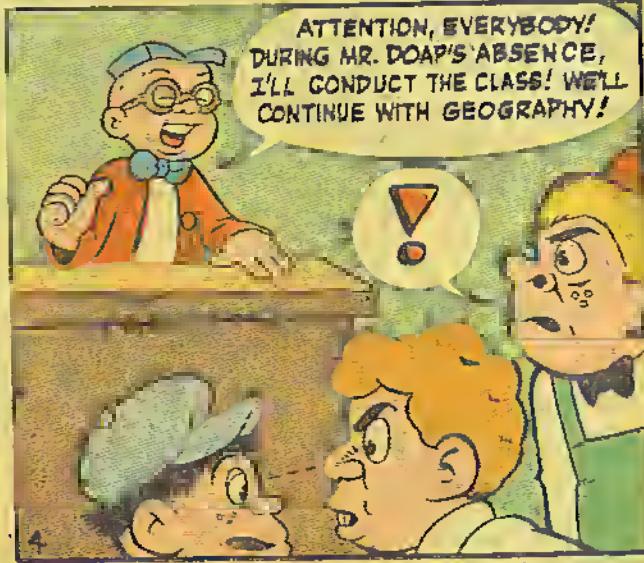
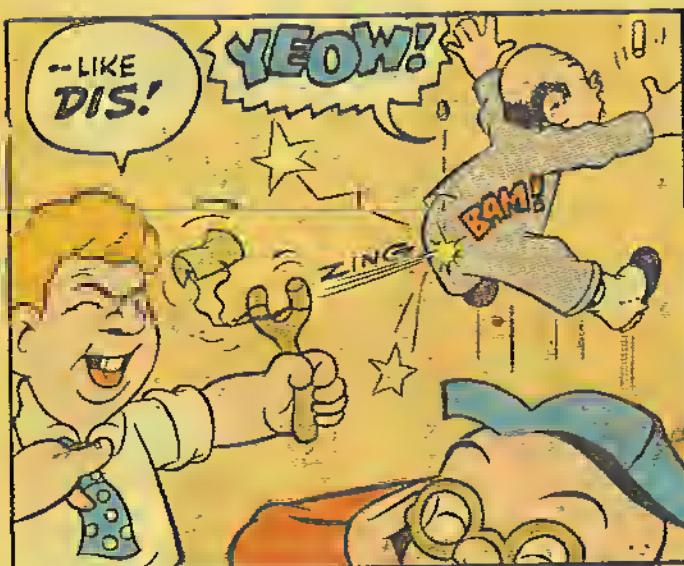
HOW'S DAT? YA COULDN'T AST FOR A BETTER PITCHER!

GULP! VERY CLEVER, I'M SURE!...BUT LET'S GET ON TO OUR HISTORY LESSON!

AND NOW, WILL SOMEBODY TELL ME JUST HOW DAVID VANQUISHED THE GIANT, GOLIATH?

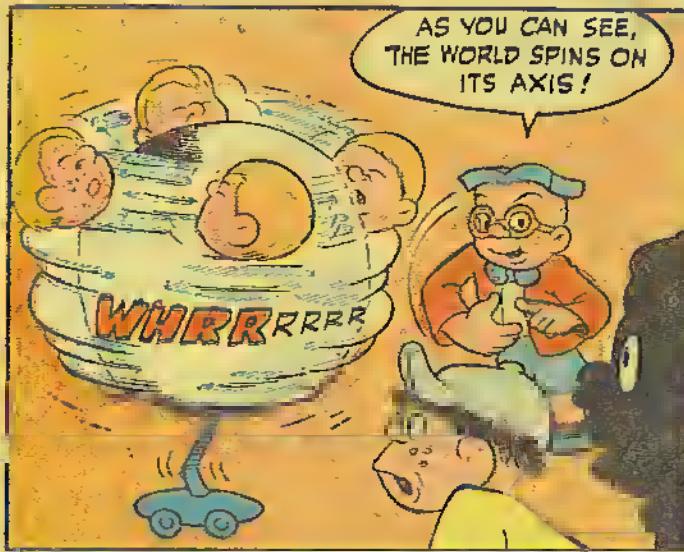
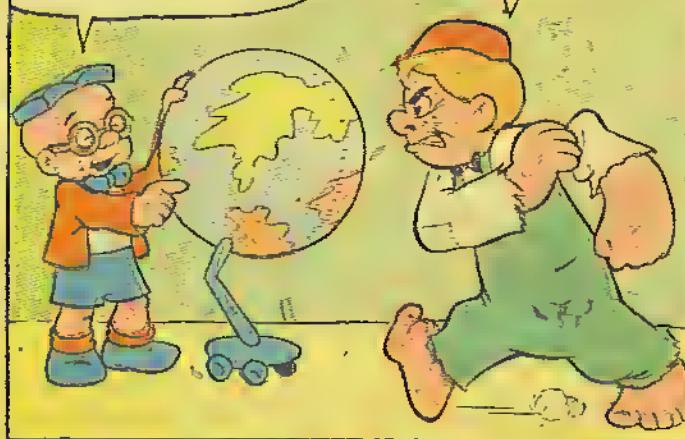
SURE! I'LL TELL YA!...

HISTORY



FIRST, I WANT ONE OF YOU NICE BOYS TO STEP UP TO THE GLOBE AND FIND A MOUNTAIN RANGE!

OKAY! BUT, FIRST, I'LL PUT A MOUNTAIN RANGE ON YER MAP!



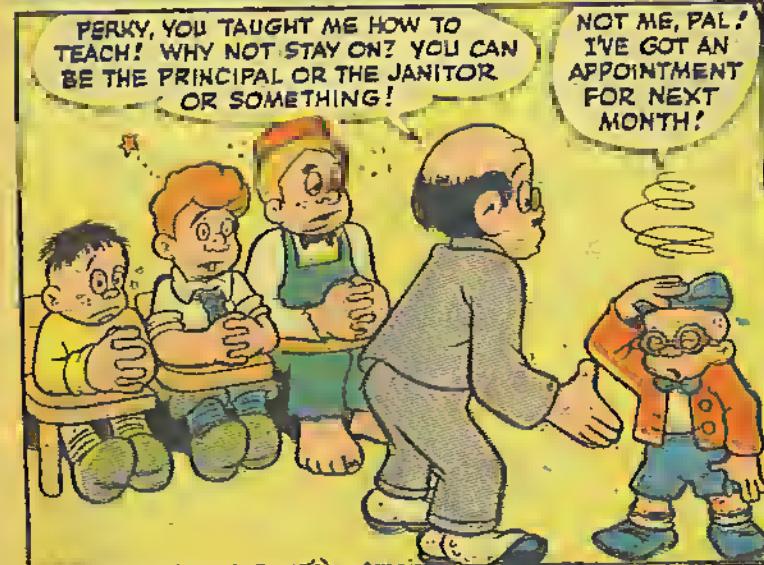
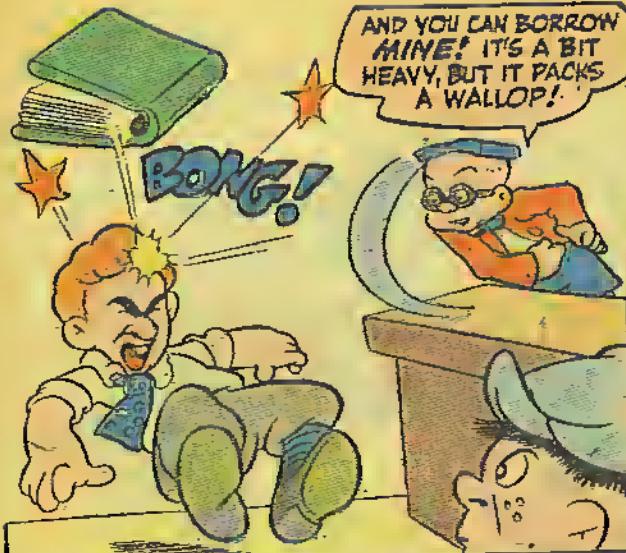
GIT A LOAD O' DIS ... SEEMS Y'D RATHER HAVE YOU DERE WUZ TWO IRISHMEN, PAT AND MIKE...

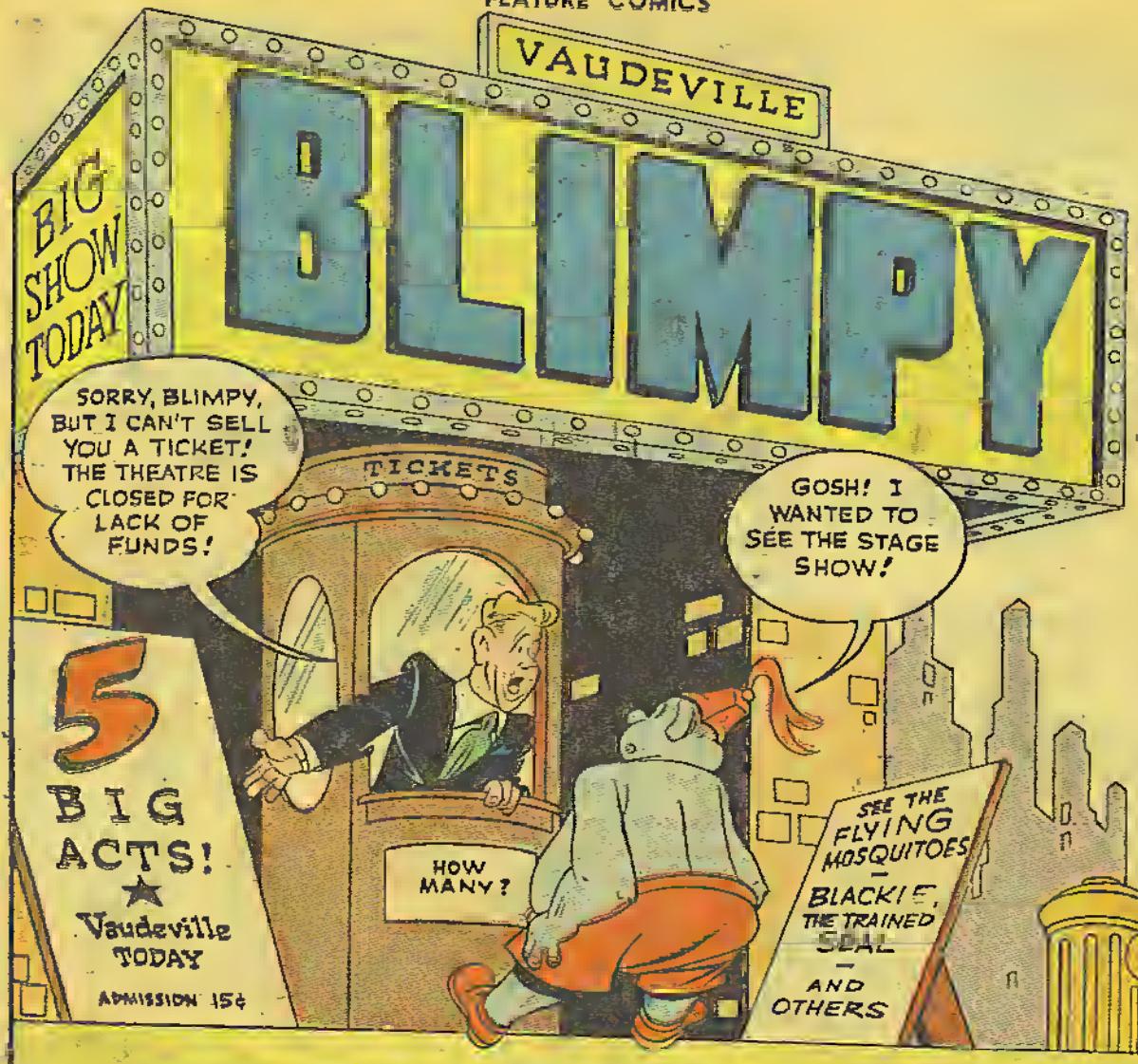
DO YOUR READING FROM A SERIOUS BOOK!

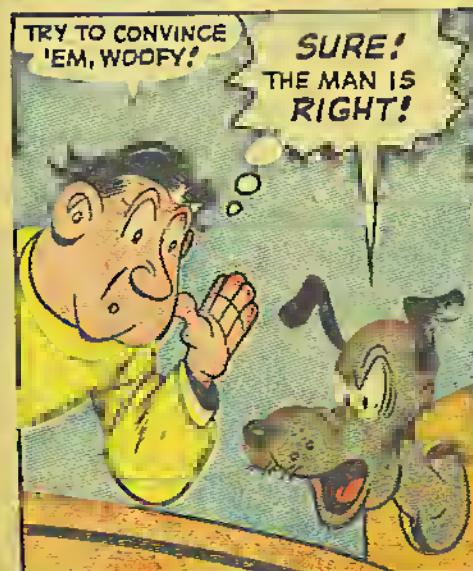
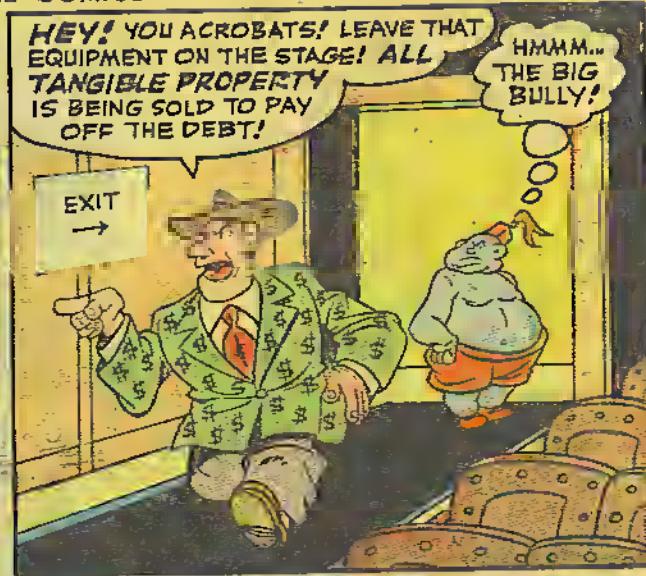


OOPS!

FEATURE COMICS







FEATURE COMICS

GOSH! IF YOU COULD **REALLY** TALK,  
THE PUBLICITY WOULD BE SO GREAT  
THAT THE THEATRE WOULD OPEN  
AGAIN ... AND ... OH, WELL, WHAT'S  
THE USE?



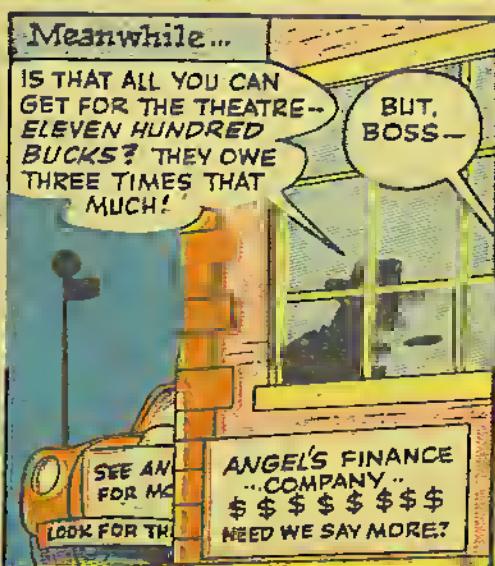
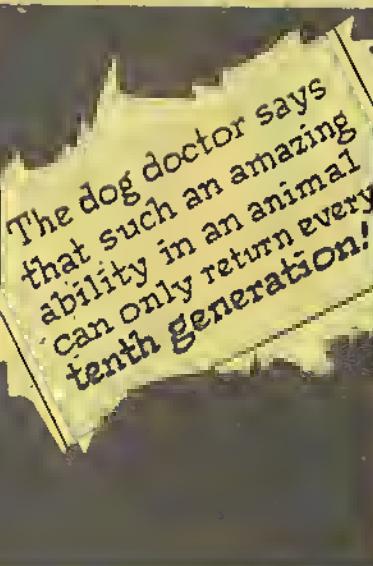
>SOBE TO THINK THAT THESE PROPS WERE  
ONCE PART OF THE GREATEST VAUDEVILLE  
SHOW ON ELM STREET!



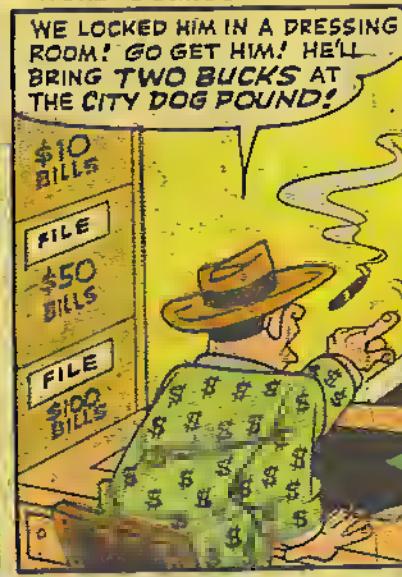
HMM! THE **FLYING MOSQUITOES** --TWELVE  
GENERATIONS OF ACROBATS ... **BLACKIE, THE  
TRAINED SEAL**, DESCENDANT OF THE FAMOUS  
FLAPPO SEAL FAMILY! AND EVEN THE  
TALKING DOG HAS ANCESTORS!....  
GULP! WHAT'S THIS?



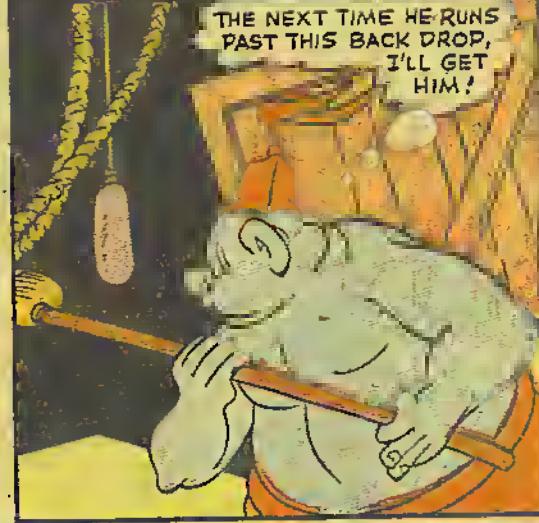
A PUBLICITY ARTICLE OF 1864! IT SAYS THAT  
YOUR GRANDMA, THE FAMOUS TALKING DOG  
**BETSY**, UTTERED HER FIRST WORD WHEN SHE  
WAS **HIT ON THE HEAD** WITH A DOG BONE  
AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN MONTHS!

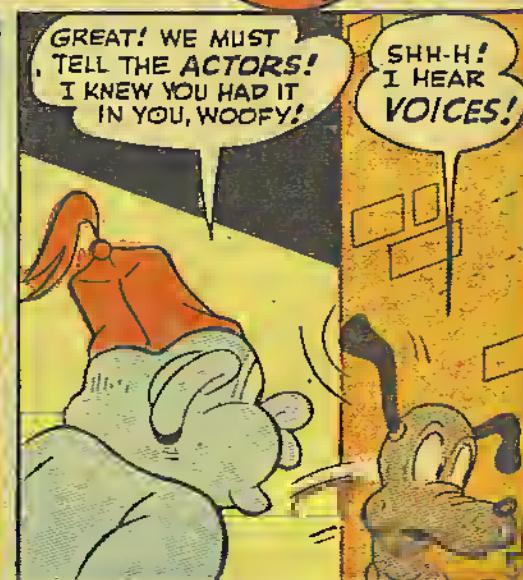


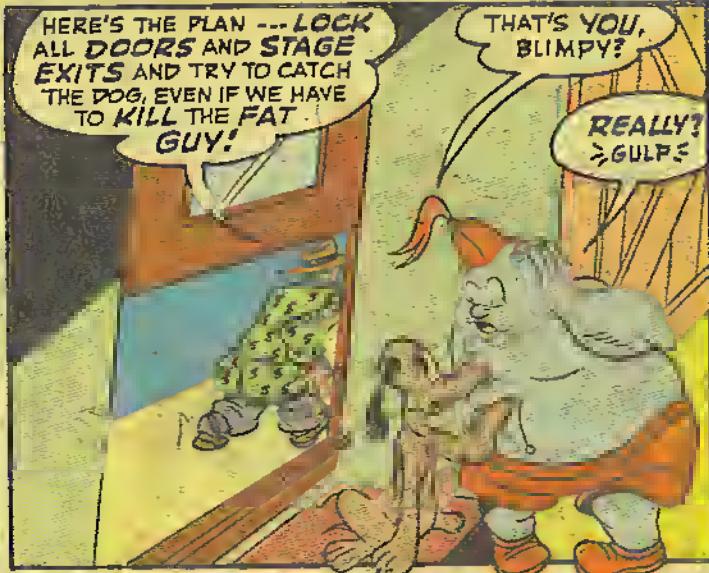
## FEATURE COMICS



Meanwhile...







FEATURE COMICS

ARE YOU GOING TO STAND BY  
AND LET THOSE BUMS KILL  
BLIMPY?

NOT ME, THE  
GREAT PRESTO  
CHANGO!

NOR US--  
THE FLYING  
MOSQUITOES!

NO!

GRUNT!

THE SHOW  
MUST GO  
ON!

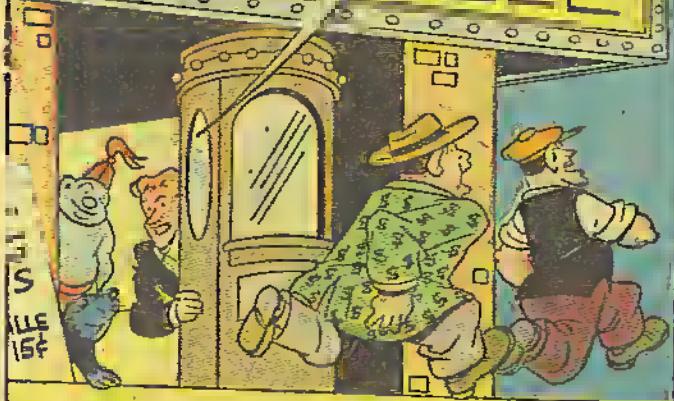
PRESTO ---  
REMAIN  
SUSPENDED!

VAUDEVILLE

GOOD RIDDANCE!  
THEY'LL NEVER  
STOP OUR SHOW  
AGAIN!

BLIMPY ... YOU'RE TO  
HAVE THE LEADING  
ROLE -- FOR  
SAVING THE  
SHOW!

THANKS,  
MR. MANAGER  
-- BUT I JUST  
WANT A  
SEASON  
TICKET!



# Lala PALOOZA!

VINCENT, I WAS THINKING HOW NICE IT'D BE TO GET AWAY TO SOME SOUTHERN BEACH FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS!

MMM...

MAYBE, BUT IT'D BE A HECK OF A LOT MORE FUN T' TACKLE SOME O' THAT SWELL SKIING AND SKATING UP AT LAKE FRIGIBO, IF YOU ASK ME!

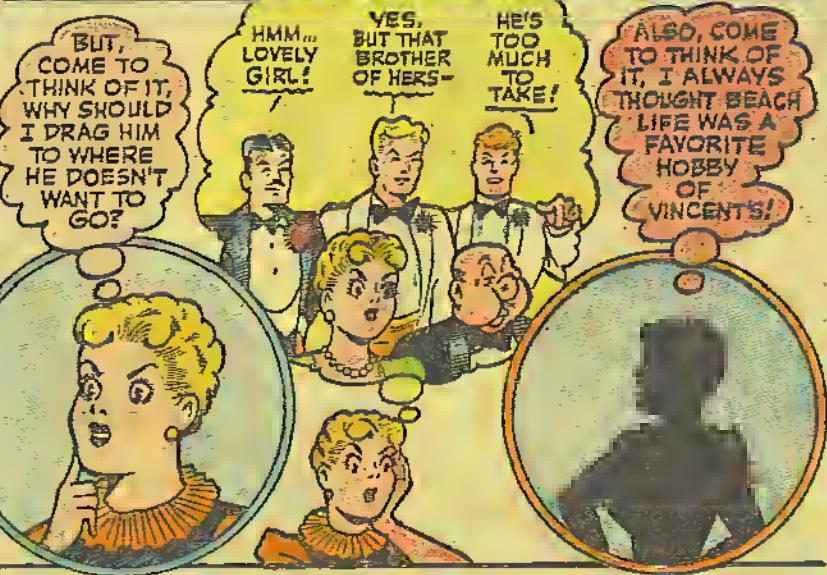
WHO'S ASKING YOU? I'M TELLING YOU WE'RE GOING SOUTH!

ALASKA WOULD SUIT ME BETTER!



WELL, IT'S MY VACATION, AND I'M PAVING FOR IT! SO WE GO SOUTH!

WELL, PERSONALLY, I PREFER THE NORTH!

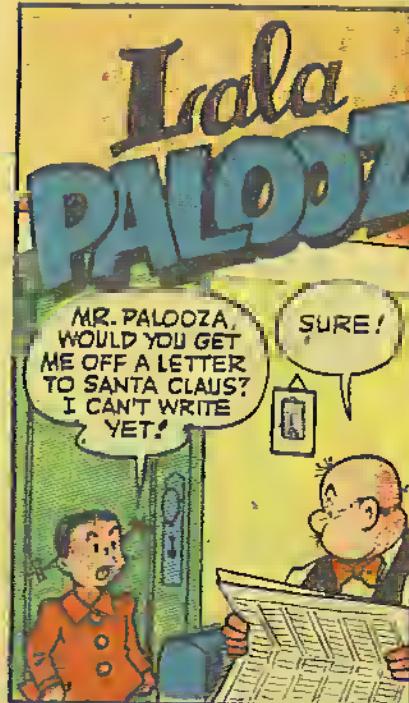


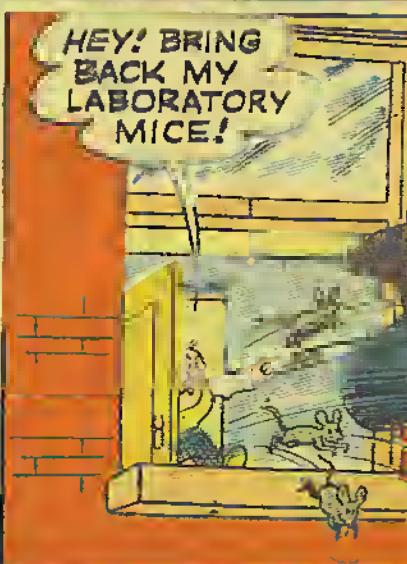
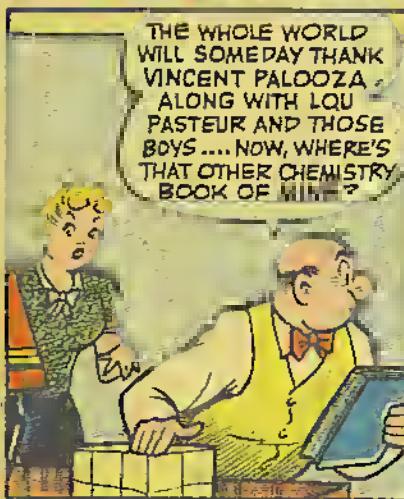
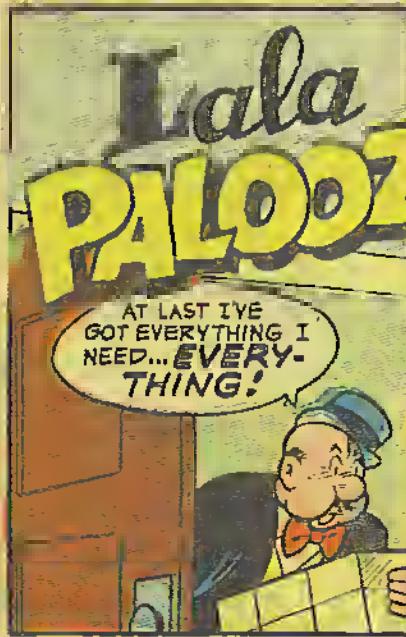
HEH-HEH!... IF SHE REALLY KNEW HOW MUCH I'M DYING TO GO SOUTH, SHE'D SHIP ME UP WITH THE ESKIMOS-- WHICH IS WHY I PLAYED IT SMART AND TOLD HER I WENT FOR THAT COLD STUFF...

BRERRR!... YES, TWO PLANE RESERVATIONS PLEASE...

ONE FOR LALA PALOOZA TO MIAMI AND ONE FOR VINCENT PALOOZA TO POINT BARROW, ALASKA!







FEATURE COMICS

POISON  
IVY

WHAT'S  
THIS?

COUNTY FAIR  
BEAUTIFUL BABY  
CONTEST TODAY!  
TICKETS: 50¢

BEAUTIFUL BABY  
CONTEST, EH? I  
AIN'T SO PRETTY  
BUT MAYBE I CAN  
WIN ON ME  
POISONALITY!  
BESIDES, I NEED  
THE VOUCH!

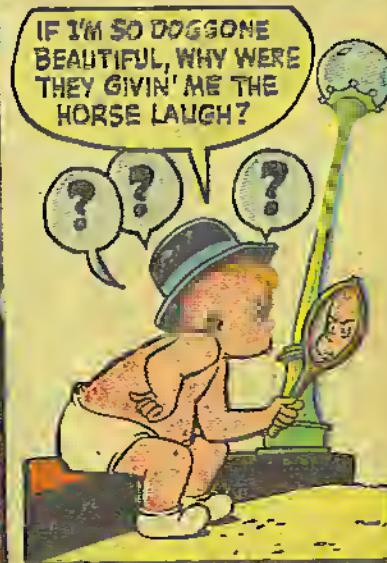
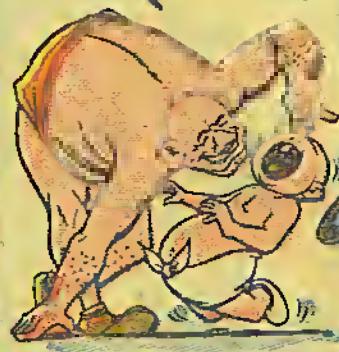
WHAT A  
CROWD!  
THIS MUST  
BE THE  
CONTEST!

HAR-HAR!  
LOOK WHAT  
SHOWED UP  
FER TH' CONTEST!

YOU AIN'T  
EXACTLY  
A PRIZE  
WINNER,  
JUNIOR!

HEE-HEE!  
HAS BABY  
GOT ALL HIMS  
TEETHUMS?

OW!  
I DON'T  
LIKE YOUR  
MANNERS!





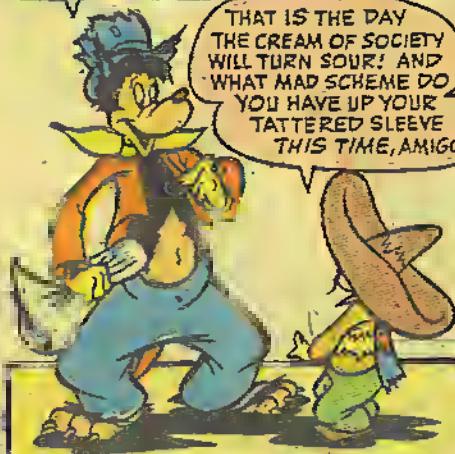
# ROGUE



AT LAST, EL POPO, MY CHANCE TO MIX WITH THE CREAM OF SOCIETY! I SHALL BE THE COUNT TOUCHE!

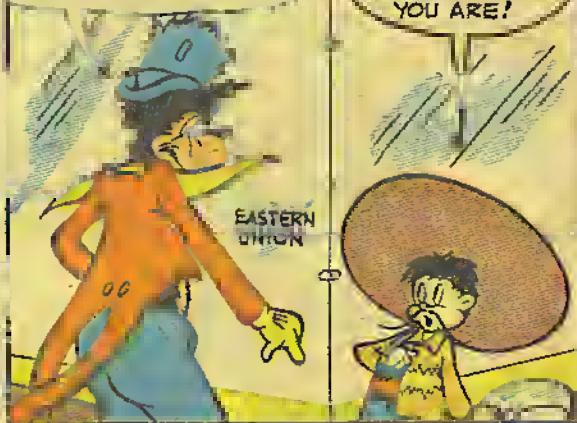
THAT IS THE DAY THE CREAM OF SOCIETY WILL TURN SOUR! AND WHAT MAD SCHEME DO YOU HAVE UP YOUR TATTERED SLEEVE THIS TIME, AMIGO?

NOTHING TO IT! THE MUNNYBAGS ARE GOING TO RECEIVE A TELEGRAM FROM ME -- ER-- COUNT TOUCHE, THAT IS -- THAT I WILL ARRIVE FRIDAY INSTEAD OF SATURDAY! I WILL TELL THEM WHAT TRAIN TO MEET! COME ALONG!



I CAN SPELL, SO I'LL SEND THE TELEGRAM! YOU GET THE THINGS ON THAT LIST AND DON'T MENTION OUR PLANS TO ANYONE!

DO NOT WORRY, SEÑOR! I WOULD NOT WANT ANYONE TO THINK I AM AS LOCO AS I KNOW YOU ARE!



And so, on Friday, our hero comes from the wrong side of the tracks...as usual...to make his grand entrance into high society!

THERE SHE IS, RIGHT ON TIME! WE MUST GET ON THE TRAIN SO THAT COUNT TOUCHE AND HIS VALET WILL GET OFF IT! SEE?



AND DON'T FORGET TO ADDRESS ME AS COUNT!

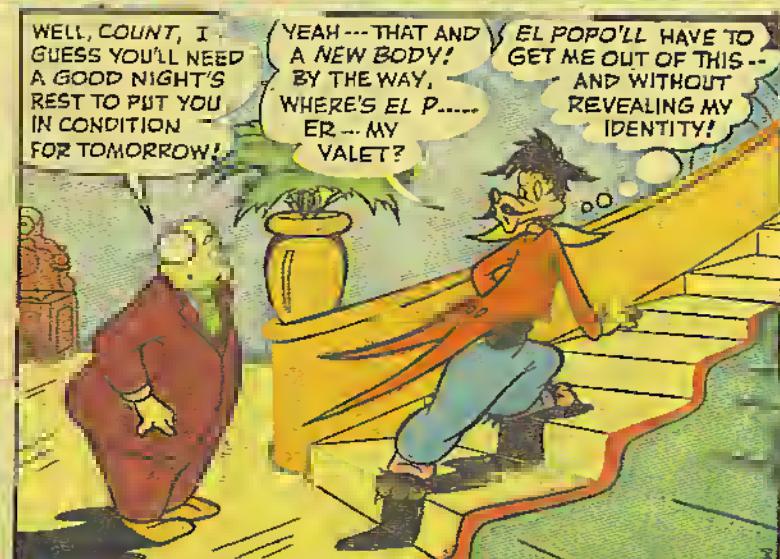
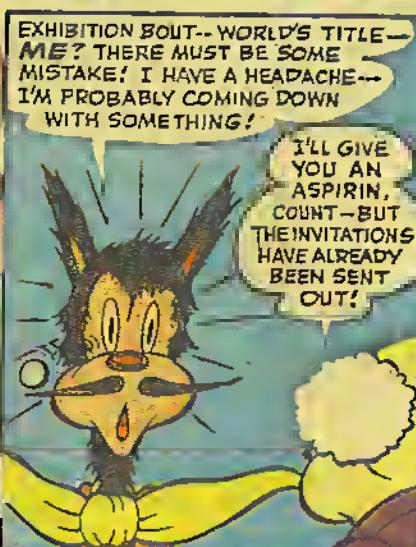
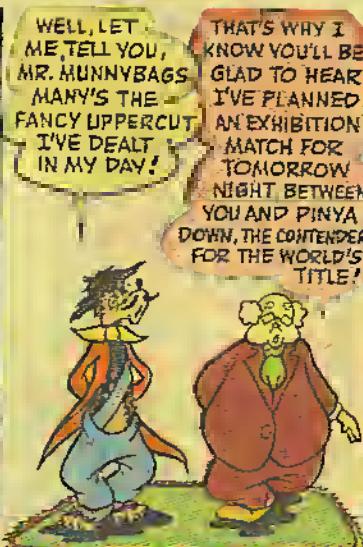
AS YOU WISH, YOUR COUNTSHIP!



COUNT TOUCHE, MR. MUNNYBAGS AWAITS IN THE LIMOUSINE TO TAKE YOU TO HIS HOME!



## FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

I TELL YOU, EL POPO, I CAN'T REFUSE TO MEET HIM! IF I DO, THEY'LL THINK I'M AN IMPOSTER!

THEY'LL *THINK*, HE SAYS! VERY WELL, SEÑOR, I WILL GO AND TRY TO CONVINCE YOUR OPPONENT TO CALL OFF THE MATCH!



Next day dawns ...

NOTHING LIKE A GOOD CIGAR, EH? SAY, A CHARACTER TRIED TO CRASH THE GATE THIS MORNING ... SAID HE WAS COUNT TOUCHE! HA-HA! BUT THE FOOTMAN TOOK CARE OF HIM!



COME NOW, COUNT, IT'S TIME FOR THE MATCH!

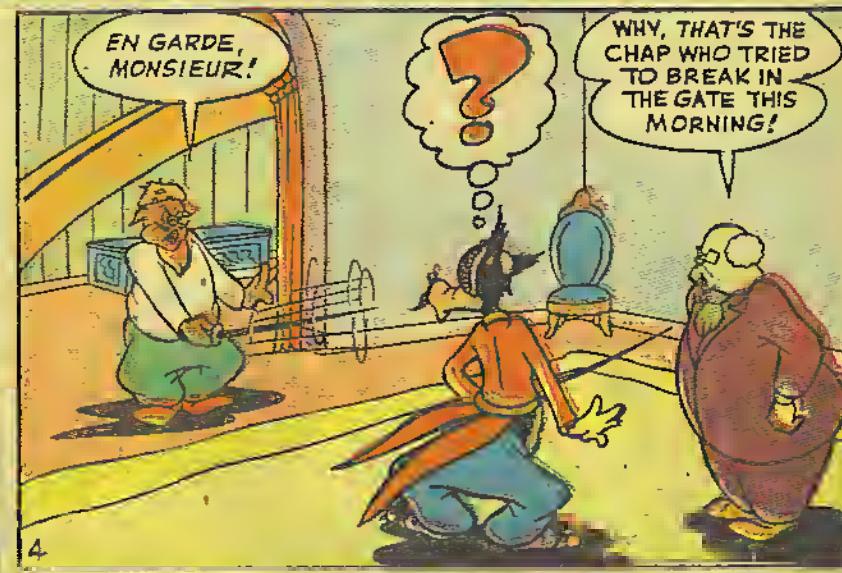
BUT--BUT-- I COULDN'T THINK OF STARTING WITHOUT MY VALET! HE BRINGS ME LUCK!

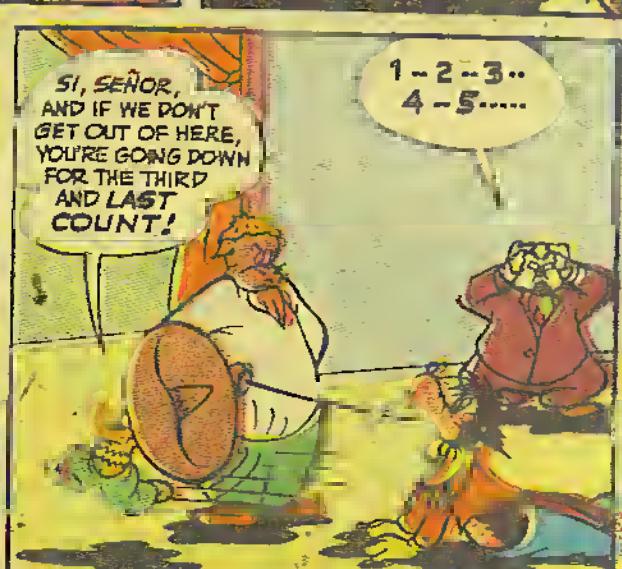
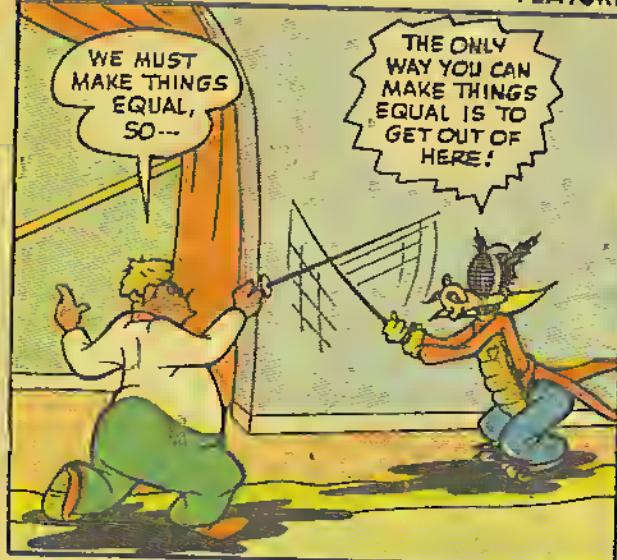


EL POPO, WHERE ARE YOU?

EN GARDE, MONSIEUR!

WHY, THAT'S THE CHAP WHO TRIED TO BREAK IN THE GATE THIS MORNING!





# SWING SISSON



Swing Sisson is always on the side of the law... but the law is not always on the side of **SWING!** Detective Rocks was one of those ... tone-deaf to all music except the singing of stool pigeons, the drumming of fists and the melodic clink of handcuffs!

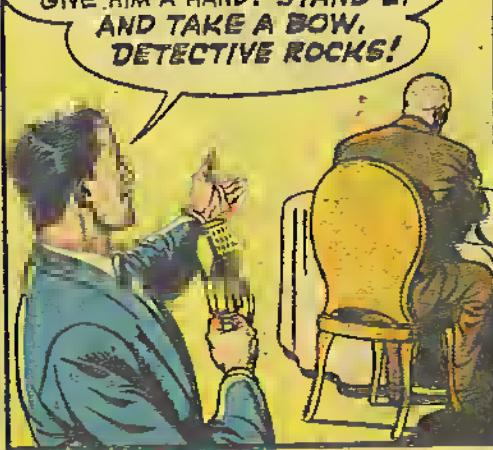
THANKS FOR  
THOSE HELPING HANDS,  
BOYS AND GIRLS! WE HAVE  
CELEBRITIES HERE TONIGHT,  
AND ONE IN PARTICULAR I  
WANT TO INTRODUCE...

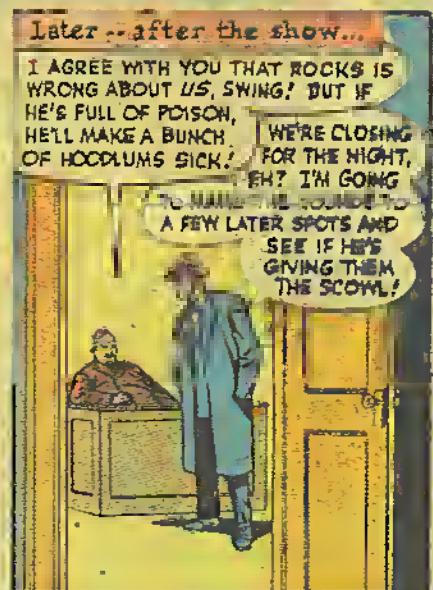
I MEAN **DETECTIVE  
ROCKS**--COOL CLEANER-UP OF  
CRIME IN THE QUIETER, SLINKIER  
SECTIONS OF TOWN -- JUST PROMOTED  
TO HEAD OF THE **HOT SPOT CROWD**!  
THERE HE IS AT THAT REAR TABLE!  
GIVE HIM A HAND! STAND UP  
AND TAKE A BOW,  
DETECTIVE ROCKS!

'RAY!

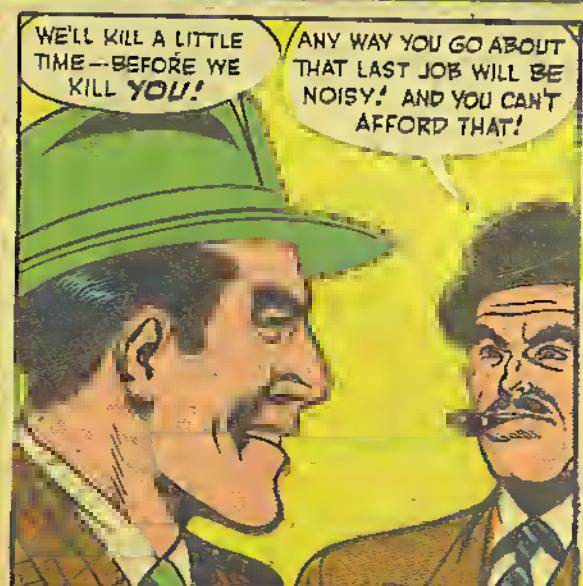
GOOD  
LUCK,  
ROCKS!

EXCUSE  
ME!









I'LL GIVE THE TWO OF YOU A LAST CHANCE! WE'LL GIVE YOU A CUT OF OUR DOUGH AND YOU KEEP YOUR TRAPS SHUT!

YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO TRY TO BUY EITHER OF US! NO SALE, STUPID!

GODD! THAT'S WHAT I WAS WAITING FOR!



THEY'LL TUNE UP AND MAKE PLENTY OF LOUD NOTES --- ENOUGH TO DROWN OUT ANY NOISE WE MAKE TAKING CARE OF YOU TWO!

I'VE HEARD OF THAT BEING DONE!

OKAY, YOU WITH THE BATON! PLAY SOMETHING --- ANYTHING LOUD!

COMING UP!



HEAR THAT? THE FUNERAL MARCH! APPROPRIATE, HUH?

VERY APPROPRIATE --- BUT STOP AND THINK WHO IT'S BEING PLAYED FOR!

DON'T LET HIM KNOCK HIS BRAIN OUT THINKING! WE'RE PLAYING THE FUNERAL MARCH FOR HIM AND HIS CROOKED GANG!

INSTRUMENTS DOWN, GANG! WE'VE GOT SOME LOOSE SMACKING TO DO!



FEATURE COMICS



# RIVER of FLAME

IT WAS the pilot of a B-24 who started the wild story. Or that's what most people thought. This pilot took his big plane over a section of Borneo during the Jap business and laid a few eggs where they'd hatch advantageously. But while he was circling to watch the results, he saw something else.

"You've heard these tales about 'Entopia,'" he told the fellows after he got back from his flight. "Well, that's what I saw between those towering mountains. I'll leave it to anyone in the crew. Those ginks were dressed in gold and jewels, every one of 'em!"

The crew of the ship backed him up.

"I'm going back when this is over," the pilot emphatically stated. "I'm gonna get some of that gold and some of them sparklers, you see!"

But the pilot never went back. His next mission was disastrous. A wild pack of ~~sharks~~ came out of the clouds and riddled the big B-24. Pilot and entire crew were lost.

So Perry Scott got the story second-hand, as it were. In the wreckage of the big plane, they found the wire-recorder, and when they played it back they got the pilot's story—as the navigator had related it to the instrument.

It was just as well that young Scott heard the wire-recorder year after things were quiet in the Pacific; he couldn't have started out anyway, because he was attached to Intelligence. But when the time came when things were completely mopped up, he got himself a little party and they made their plans quickly.

There was one thing that worried Perry about that pilot's wild tale. He had mentioned several times about burning rivers—rivers blazing with leaping flames. This river—or these rivers—were, according to the instrument, afforded the only outlet to the hidden valley in which the people wearing gold and jewels were seen.

Perry had studied maps and histories of Borneo until his eyes hurt. But he hadn't come upon any mention of such fire-spouting streams. Nor, on the other hand, was there mention of mirages being common to Borneo.

In making up the equipment for their party, Perry was most careful. They'd go in with a small powerful schooner. (There was no sense of trying a plane landing in such a country—too dangerous.) A boat was the thing.

On that boat was a strange assortment of stuff—trade goods for the natives, special weapons in case they were needed, protective gadgets of a most unique and weird sort.

Then they were on their way.

You've heard of Sarawak, the long narrow strip of Borneo ruled by a white rajah and under British rule. Perry had gone there for an interview but had learned almost nothing. Yes, they had heard of burning rivers in the interior of Borneo, but the interior was not their country and so there had been no attempts by the British to explore it.

"If," said one, "you happen to find oil in there, I can assure you His Majesty will be interested in making an expedition. Otherwise—" he spread his hands.

"We'll be glad to lend any assistance, however," the spokesman stated. "The Geographical Society is always interested in new tribes and things."

Perry asked for no help, and a few days later he was heading up a narrow, deep stream that led in the general direction of the interior.

He had never seen such tangled jungles as bordered this stream. Strange, vividly colored birds hopped and scurried on both shores. Monkeys chattered and shook tiny bats from the trees. Giant reptiles hung from lower limbs. No place to be cengh! gfoot.

For many days the little power craft drew toward that mysterious inland Entopia. Once or twice they saw natives slinking through the trees. Some of them carried long blowguns, and so Perry knew that poison darts were used, a scratch of one being fatal.

They suddenly came to a stretch of water that prohibited further movement of the big boat. Here they unloaded part of the equipment

## FEATURE COMICS

and made a permanent camp. It was near a great towering range of mountains. The shallow stream meandered through a narrow cut between the hills.

Into play came the host of Perry's strange equipment. There were boats—canoe-like—made of thin aluminum, that would each carry two passengers. A cover extended over the entire open portion of this odd craft, allowing only the passengers' heads to protrude. He had received a lot of joshing about these boats, but he knew their value.

There were ten of the boats, some of them seating only one person. So seventeen of the crew in all crowded into them and began paddling through the cut. They carried a good stock of trade goods for any natives they'd encounter, plus rifles and sidearms.

They paddled all one day, the cut growing narrower and the walls on either side higher. It was constant twilight on the little running stream. The boats proved to be just the thing for this type of traveling.

Then, abruptly, they came out into a lagoon of still water and their eyes opened in surprise. A village sprawled on both sides of the lagoon which extended for nearly half a mile beyond the cut. A few natives wandered aimlessly about the numerous huts. Fires burned.

It was these natives that caught the eye. They were dressed in gleaming armor, and fire twinkled at them every movement.

"My gosh," said Perry. "That armor is solid gold, filled with gems! Look at it flash!"

They drew their canoes up on shore, while the natives simply stood stock still and watched them. They didn't seem menacing. They were small men, almost black, but their features were not Negroid.

Perry stepped out of his canoe and held his right hand up in the universal token of friendship. He spoke a few words in English.

What appeared to be a gaudy chieftain stepped into view, his hand raised. Perry saw that his upper lip was adorned with several red-dyed sharpened bones stuck through the skin. It gave him the appearance of a sleek black cat with a red mustache. He was decked out in gold armor and the jewels it contained were enough to make a fellow dizzy.

The chieftain stepped up without any timidity and then did a strange thing: he prostrated himself before Perry and the men who had followed him. He chuckled and cracked and pointed sand on his head.

Perry grinned and said over his shoulder to the newest of his Indians, "Thinks we're gods of some sort. Must keep 'em thinking that."

Perry then began doling out presents—tiny mirrors, strings of firecrackers, matches, cheap flashlights. When the natives were shown how to work these strange trinkets, they were as delighted as children.

Food and drink appeared as if by magic. Perry tapped the chieftain's golden armor, then tapped himself. The chieftain began peeling off his strange golden suit, nodding happily. Others began doing the same thing. Anything for the gods!

An old medicine man who had been watching over the chieftain suddenly leaped up and stuck a long needle-like lance into one of Perry's men. He let out a howl as blood gushed from the ugly wound. The natives stood gaping, wide-eyed. Then the chieftain let out a howl and everyone began gathering up their weapons.

This chatter was unmistakable. Now they knew these white creatures were not gods—they bled, didn't they?

Perry and his men raced for their canoes, piled in and began paddling for the cut. As they drew near it, a strange thing happened. Flames spewed from the walls on both sides, completely covering the water.

"Him," said Perry to himself, "just as I supposed. All right," he yelled. "Do as I do and we can get through." He leaped over and his head disappeared below the water. The others did the same, paddling under water, holding their breath. Their feet grew warm, then hot. But at last the boat bottoms cooled off and they righted their canoes. They had come through the flames.

"Well," laughed Perry, "we didn't make it that time, but we'll have another try, next time with a plan. Plenty of space to land and take off in there... Now how do you like the idea of using Eskimo kayaks?"

"They surely saved our lives," one of the men said. "Been burned to a crisp otherwise."

# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

THEY'RE TAKING HIM TO A RADIO BROADCAST—"THE HIT OR MISS QUIZ SHOW"—AND THEY'VE GOT IT ALL FRAMED UP EVEN SO HE'LL BE ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS! ANSWER TO THE \$2.00 QUESTION!

OH, BOY! HE'S HUMILIATED! THAT'S THE IDEA, CLANCY—THE HUMILIATION WILL KEEP HIS BIG MOUTH SHUT FOR MONTHS!



I'M SO GLAD YOU CONSENTED TO COMPETE, SHERIFF—NOW REACH INTO THE HAT AND PULL OUT A SLIP!



WHAT RIVER DID WASHINGTON CROSS TO SCORE A GREAT VICTORY OVER THE BRITISH?

HE CROSSED THE DELAWARE ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT, DEC. 25, 1776—to DEFEAT THE BRITISH AT TRENTON, N.J.

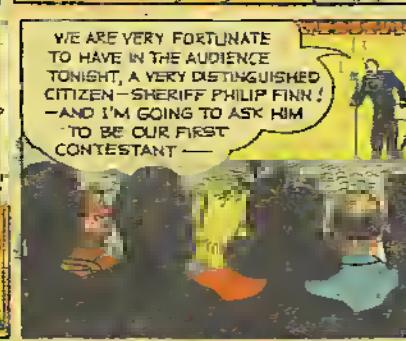


PHIL CERTAINLY ENJOYS THE CHILDREN, MRS. FINN—HE SPENT THE WHOLE AFTERNOON READING THEM THIS BOOK—THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON!

YES, FLOSSIE, THEY MEAN A GREAT DEAL TO HIM THAT BOOK HAS BEEN IN THE HOUSE FOR YEARS AND HE NEVER EVEN OPENED IT BEFORE.



WE ARE VERY FORTUNATE TO HAVE IN THE AUDIENCE TONIGHT, A VERY DISTINGUISHED CITIZEN—SHERIFF PHILIP FINN! —AND I'M GOING TO ASK HIM TO BE OUR FIRST CONTESTANT —



AH—YOU'VE PICKED A LIST OF QUESTIONS ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON, SHERIFF—AND THE FIRST ONE IS—IN WHICH OF THE THIRTEEN COLONIES WAS WASHINGTON BORN?



WHY—AH—HE WAS BORN IN THE COUNTY OF WESTMORELAND, VIRGINIA—ON FEB. 22, 1732!



DIDJA HEAR WHAT SOME OF THE BOYS OVER AT THE LODGE ARE PULLIN' ON PHIL TONIGHT, CLANCY?

NO, I DIDN'T HEAR IT, DELANEY! WHAT IS IT?



GO AHEAD, PHIL—WHAT CHA AFRAID OF?

B—BUT LISTEN—I—I—

PHIL, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO UP! YOU CAN'T LET PEOPLE THINK THAT YOU KNOW YOU'RE A DOPE!



CORRECT! NOW, THE SECOND QUESTION—UNDER WHAT BRITISH GENERAL DID WASHINGTON SERVE WITH DISTINCTION PRIOR TO THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR?

HMM—LET'S SEE—THAT WAS GENERAL BRADDOCK—IN THE UNSUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN TO TAKE FORT DUQUESNE FROM THE FRENCH!



BY GOLLY, PHIL—I OH, I IMAGINE I WOULD HAVE HAD THE ANSWERS, CLANCY—NO MATTER WHAT SUBJECT I'D PICKED OUT!



## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

GOSH, NIPPIE—WHAT RACING SKATES! I SAW 'EM IN A PAWNSHOP DOWNTOWN AND TRADED MY HOCKEY SKATES FOR 'EM!



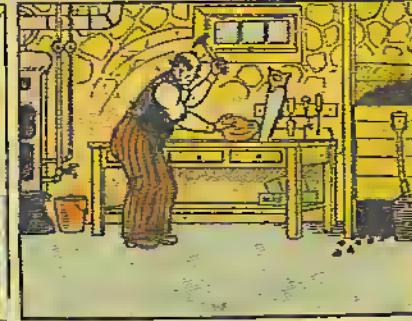
GOSH—THEY LOOK AWFUL OLD AND YOURS WERE ALMOST NEW! I THINK YOU GOT STUCK!

I DID LIKE FUN! I'LL BE ABLE TO GO TWICE AS FAST ON THESE! YOU'LL SEE!



# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



## FEATURE COMICS

# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HIT MR. FLANAGAN WITH THAT COCOANUT HE BROUGHT YOU FROM FLORIDA, UNCLE PHIL!

LISTEN, MICHAEL—FLANAGAN GAVE ME THAT COCOANUT FOR ONLY ONE REASON—HE KNEW I'D HAVE ALL KINDS OF TROUBLE OPENIN' IT!

THAT'S RIDICULOUS, PHIL—MICHAEL HEARD THAT HE BROUGHT BACK A NUMBER OF THEM—TO GIVE TO HIS FRIENDS AS SOUVENIRS.

THAT'S RIGHT, UNCLE PHIL—AND NOW INSTEAD OF BEING A FRIEND, HE'LL BE YOUR ENEMY FOR LIFE!

WHO CARES? HE CAN'T DO ME ANY HARM! I COULD BREAK HIM IN TWO!

MAYBE YOU COULD! BUT MR. FLANAGAN IS A SMART MAN, UNCLE PHIL—AND I'LL BET HE'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU YET!

HUMPH! I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM TRY IT!

WHY DO YOU ASK THAT?



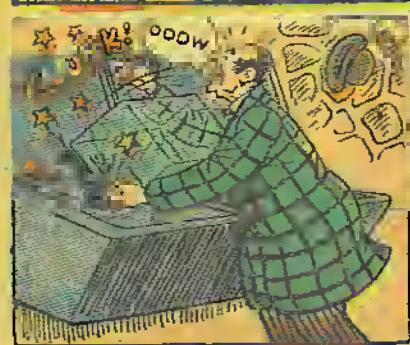
NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS

**MICKEY FINN**  
By LANK LEONARD

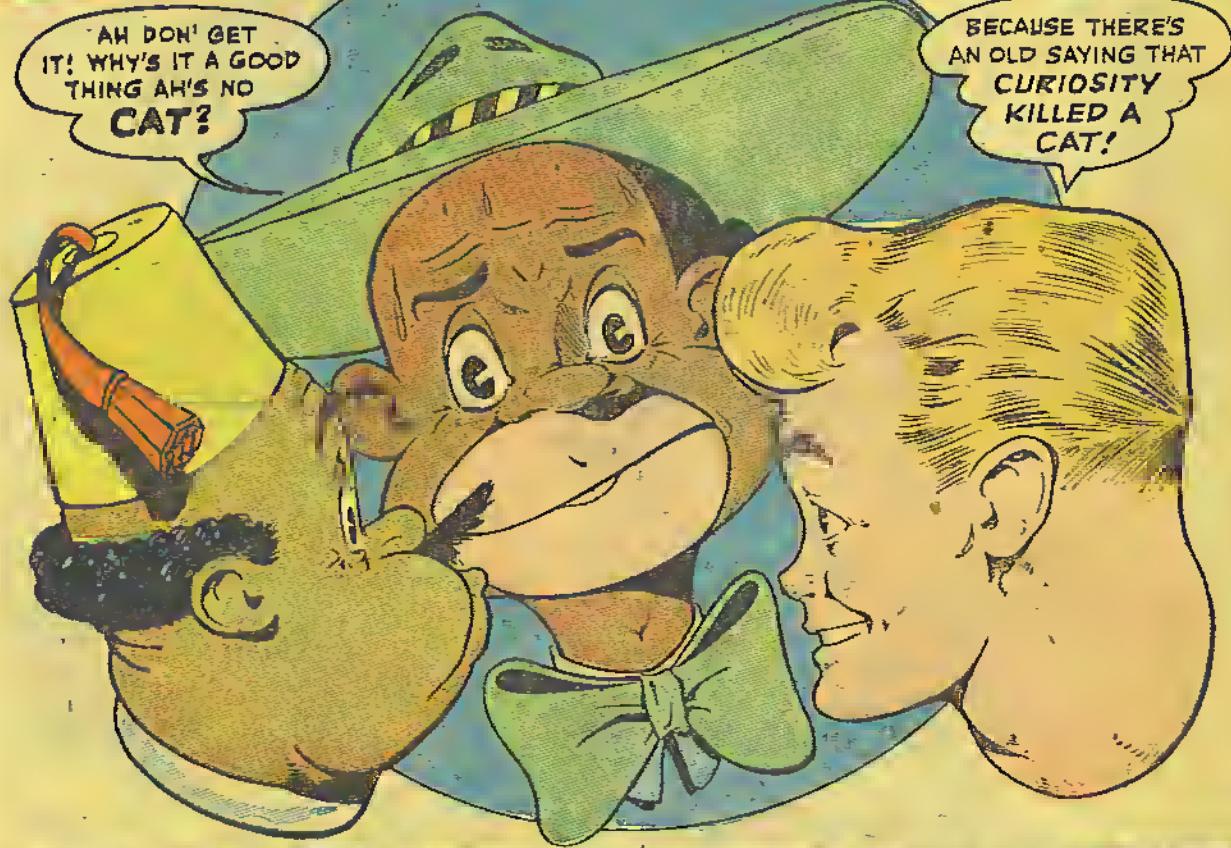


**NIPPIE**

By Lank Leonard



# RUSTY RYAN



Of the three adventurers, Rusty Ryan, Alabama and Pierpont Lee, Pierpont is undoubtedly the most curious person in the world.... Alabama tries to pull more shady deals than any other person you've ever known.... and Rusty... well, he's just looking for adventure, except that it's right there with him! He's always trying to keep Pierpont and Alabama out of trouble!

Y'DON' SAY! WAL, AH'S RESOLUTIN' RIGHT NOW THET AH'S QUITTIN' CURIOSITIN'! AH'S GONNA MIND MAH OWN...



...BUSINESS!

WAL, LOOKIT THET!



FEATURE COMICS

THIS MISTAH THIEVES MUST BE A POW'FUL RICH MAN T'OWN A MARKET THET BIG!

AH'LL BET HE'S GOT ALL KINDS O' STUFF IN THERE!

HEY! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE RESTAURANT ACROSS THE STREET AND YOU'RE COMING WITH US!

YOU'LL COME OUT WITH YOUR SHIRT MISSING! I KNOW! I'VE TAKEN --ER -- HAD MINE TAKEN MORE THAN ONCE!

C'MON, CHUM!

ER--AH'S AINT HUNGRY NOW! Y'ALL GO!

AH'LL STAND HERE AN' JUS' LOOK IN! AH WON'T MOVE A INCH!

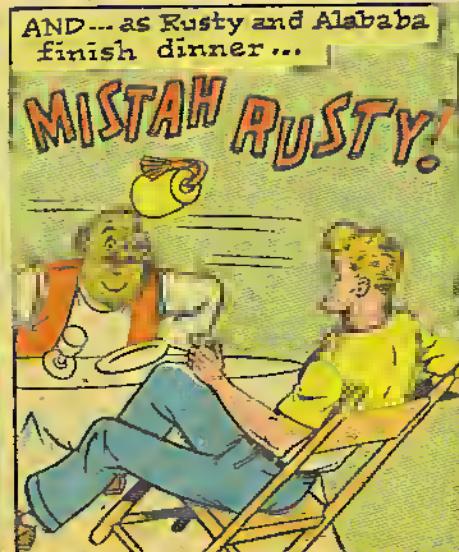
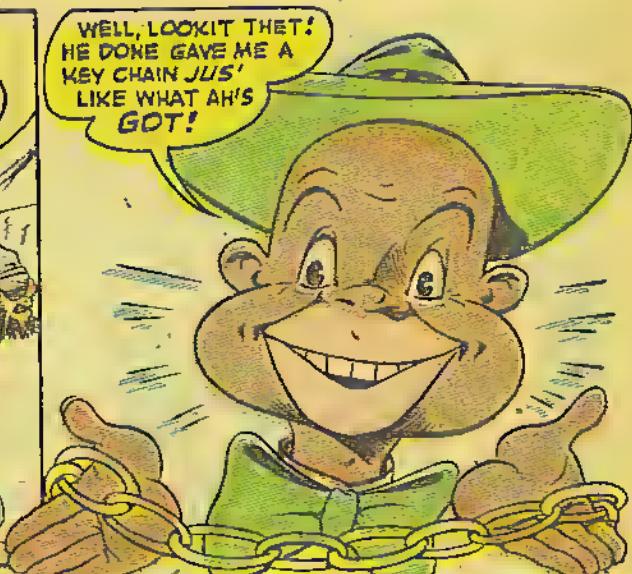
I DON'T KNOW IF WE OUGHT TO TRUST HIM... BUT I'M HUNGRY!

...RUGS... UMBRELLAS... FUNNY SHOES...

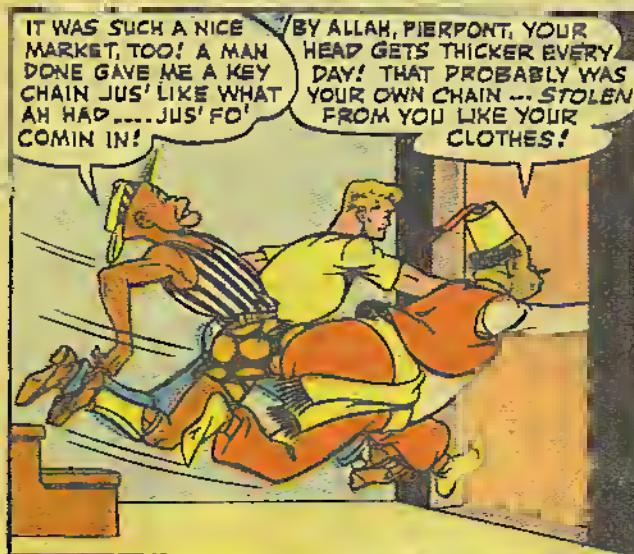
...JEWELS... A ELEPHANT!

ER...IF AH WAS INSIDE, AH COULD SEE WHAT WAS 'WAY IN TH' BACK! BRASS!



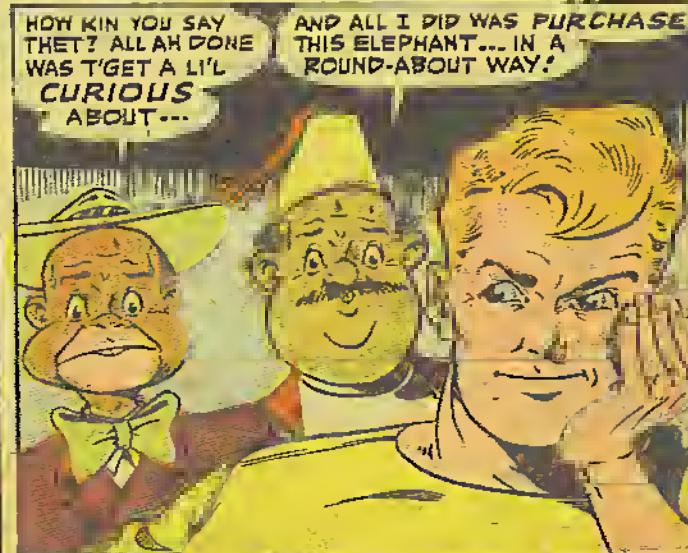
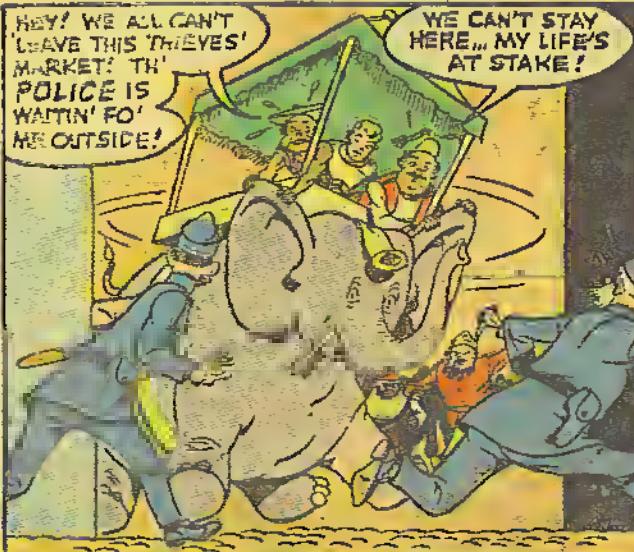


FEATURE COMICS









**BIG TOP**

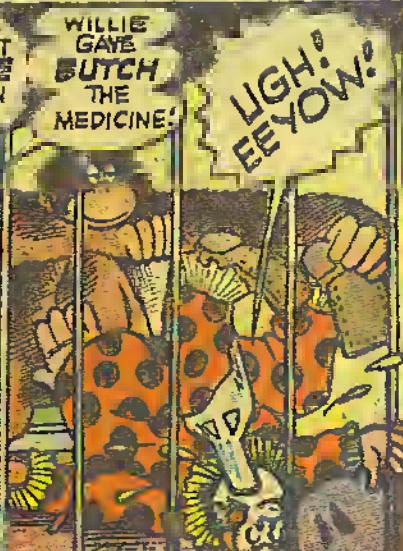
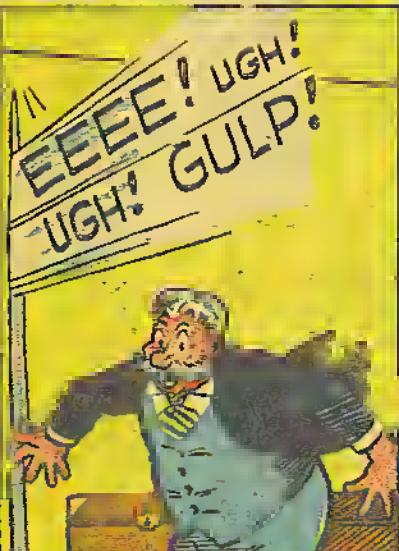
DAY BY DAY  
THIS CIRCUS IS  
GOING ON THE  
ROCKS ... HOW  
CAN I **SAVE**  
**IT?** ... THAT'S  
THE QUESTION!

LET ME  
SAVE THE  
SHOW, BOSS!

AH! GOOD  
OLD BUTCH...  
ALWAYS SO  
HANDY IN  
THESE LITTLE  
DIFFICULTIES!

AN EFFICIENCY  
EXPERT... THAT'S  
WHAT I'VE BEEN  
STUDYIN'  
T'BE!

WE'VE BEEN LOSIN' MONEY  
IN HANDLIN' LITTLE THINGS  
WRONG.... LET ME SHOW  
YOU THE **RIGHT** WAY TO  
DO 'EM, BEGINNING RIGHT  
NOW!







# I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO

by Practicing in Spare Time

I Send You  
6 Big Kits  
of Radio Parts



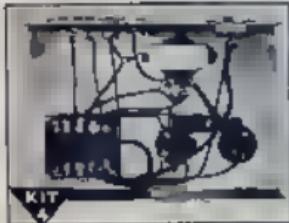
**KIT 1**  
Build your Radiogram Equipment and Radio Parts, where you can be the Radio parts that you can build and control. Build parts like red, blue and black insulation.



**KIT 2**  
Build the Course I show you how to build like 25-30 Transistor parts. Build your parts like a high-speed circuit and parts extra. Build it inside.



**KIT 3**  
Build parts to build Radio chassis. Build the best. Build it like a high-speed circuit and parts extra to build and repair control devices.



**KIT 4**  
You get parts to build like Vacuum Tubes, Transistors, resistors, capacitors, diodes, etc. Build parts to make them like a high-speed circuit and parts extra to make them like a direct power source.



**KIT 5**  
Build the A.M. Signal Generator. It receives and transmits signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT 6**  
You build this Super-Heterodyne Receiver with 6 stages. It receives AM and FM. Build parts to make your own. Build it like a high-speed circuit and parts extra.

## KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry? Do you have your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio" with FREE. See how I will teach you at home — how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with 6 BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

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